A TWO MONTHS'

CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

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IN THE

STEAM-YACHT 'CEYLON.'

BY

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"REMINISCENCES OF MILITARY SERVICE WITH THE 93RD SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS."

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DEDICATED

TO MY WIFE,

FOR WHOM THE JOURNAL OF THE CRUISE WAS WRITTEN,

AND TO

MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS AND FRIENDS,

IN REMEMBRANCE OF

PLEASANT INTERCOURSE AND CHEERFUL

COMPANIONSHIP.

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CHAPTER I.

THE STEAM-YACHT 'CEYLON'—SAIL FROM SOUTHAMPTON—OCEAN STEAM YACHTING COMPANY—OBJECT OF THE COMPANY—CAUGHT IN A FOG—ANCHOR INSIDE THE NEEDLES—SAIL AGAIN 4TH OF JANUARY—ROUGH NIGHT—FELLOW-PASSENGERS—SUNDAY PARADE AND SERVICE—THE DREADED BAY—DELIGHTS OF THE SEA—SHORTEN SAIL—HALF SPEED—GOOD-NIGHT.

A TWO MONTHS'

CRUISE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

CHAPTER I.

ON Thursday the 3rd of January, 1884, the steam-ship *Ceylon*, belonging to the Ocean Steam Yachting Company, Limited, sailed from Southampton as had been advertised, punctually at two o'clock, p.m., on a two months' pleasure cruise in the Mediterranean, during which, according to the published programme, it is intended that she shall call at a number

of places of interest; and I shall endeavour to write something about these places, in the order in which we arrive at or depart from them.

The *Ceylon* is a stately ship of 2,200 tons burden, fitted with powerful engines of the most modern type, and fully rigged as a barque. She is a beautiful model of a ship, sits gracefully on the water, and, having been only recently painted and thoroughly overhauled and trimmed, had the appearance of a man-of-war, or large private yacht, rather than an ordinary trading vessel. She has a deep counter, square stern, splendid beam, and a fine cut-water and graceful figure-head, this last so unusual now with ocean-going steamers. She was built upwards of twenty years ago by Messrs. Samuda for the P. and O. for mail and passenger trade to India; and, having gone through sun-

dry vicissitudes since the P. and O. parted with her as unsuitable for cargo trade, she passed into the possession of a private company or syndicate, who conceived the idea of using her as an ocean-going yacht, and sent her on a cruise round the world, and afterwards on a second cruise to Madeira and the Azores. After this last cruise, however, the company (or syndicate) for reasons with which I am not fully acquainted, resolved to sell the ship, and accordingly the present company purchased, completely refitted, and propose to sail her as a yacht for the use of the public.

This cruise is the first of a regular series of short voyages which it is intended she shall make, and in 'bringing before the public the objects which the Ocean Steam Yachting Company, Limited, have in view the directors wish to avoid conveying the

impression that the proposed cruises of the *Ceylon* are in any way to be considered as *personally conducted*, or that any who participate in them are to feel that they are *members of a party* in any other sense than that, with others, they form the complement of the ship's passengers; though doubtless, amongst those likely to be on board, pleasant and congenial parties will be formed.

'The chief object of the company is to supply what has been thought to be a public want, namely, to provide those fond of a sea-trip, or who may have been recommended one for the benefit of their health, a large, commodious, and well-appointed ship which, when in port, can be made available as a *home* or *head-quarters*, free from dirt, confusion, and many other annoyances incidental to a vessel when embarking or discharging cargo.'

We sailed, as I have already stated, on the afternoon of the 3rd of January, 1884, but on nearing the Needles a thick fog rolled in from the Channel, so dense and impenetrable (to the eye) that the pilot pronounced it 'unsafe' to attempt to go on, so we anchored for the night; and a very uncomfortable night it was, for we lay right in the track of inward-bound steamers, enveloped in a fog that must have rendered us invisible at a very short distance to any passing ship, so that it was necessary for us to be on the alert, and to keep up a constant and furious ringing of a not very sweet-toned bell, which being placed right over my cabin made sleep or even rest impossible.

Friday, January 4th.—On the morning of the 4th, the fog having cleared off to some extent, and 'certain,' as the pilot

said, 'to lift altogether with the sun,' we weighed anchor and passed through the Needles, the fog, as predicted, gradually clearing away as we entered the Channel; and then, with a smooth sea and westerly wind, gradually freshening, however, and bringing up with it heavy rain-clouds which will probably reach us before evening, we commenced our 'Pleasure Cruise.'

At seven o'clock, p.m., we sat down to dinner, twenty-three gentlemen, including five of the ship's officers, and three ladies. Though I never had the pleasure of meeting any of my fellow-passengers before, from what I see of them I feel certain that we shall make an agreeable if not friendly party, and help each other to enjoy the pleasures and bear the discomforts of the voyage.

Saturday, January 5th.—We had rather a

rough night; a strong head wind with rain, consequently a good deal of motion; and this morning all of our party, except my friend B——, who is an *old salt*, and P—— a landsman, but fond of and familiar with the sea, are suffering more or less from *mal-de-mer*. Even I, who have been so much at sea during my military career, am suffering from unpleasant giddiness and fulness about the head, which condition, however, does not interfere with my appetite.

There has evidently been a breeze from the west here, for, though the wind is now south-west, there is a nasty, tumbling cross sea, which makes the good ship roll and pitch at the same time, a sort of double constant motion, which if one is at all inclined to be sea-sick is certain to convert the inclination into reality. This apparently is the case now, for only a

very few are moving about on their *sea-legs.*

Some deem it prudent to sit still, and some look very miserable. But one of the peculiarities connected with sea-life is, that those unfortunates who suffer from sea-sickness never receive any pity or sympathy from those who feel the misery, nay, the horror, of the sensation themselves. I know no remedy for sea-sickness, though I have seen many tried. The only way that I succeeded in overcoming it, was never to 'give in,' and now I am a good sailor, and enjoy, above all things, a 'life on the ocean wave.'

Sunday, January 6th.—Still a head wind with the same nasty tumbling sea, but the rain has ceased, and the weather better, though the sun has not yet made his appearance. The wind has veered round a little more to the west, and the ship is

tolerably steady, and the screw causes very little vibration.

The majority of my friends are still very seedy, and our band is prostrate. The only music which we have is the shrill piping of the boatswain's whistle, and the hum of the wind through the rigging;—our new engines work admirably and send the ship through the head sea at the rate of nine and a half knots an hour, and with a very small consumption of coal.

The more I see of my fellow-passengers the more I like them. There is one amongst them, Mr. E——, who was in India during the mutiny, and remembers meeting a party of my old regiment the 93rd on its way up to Lucknow for the relief of the Residency, when it was fired on by a passing body of rebels. I was with that party myself, and remember the occurrence.

Mr. P——, who sits next to me at table, is a very pleasant neighbour. He has travelled a great deal, and was many years in Canada, farming, partly for amusement and partly to make money.

We had Sunday parade this morning. The crew appear to be a good lot, the stewards are smart, and very attentive under the management of their able 'chief.' We had morning service in the saloon, the captain officiating. All the crew except those on duty, were present, and appeared to appreciate the beautiful service, reading the responses well and universally.

Towards the afternoon the sea quieted down a good deal, and the wind, veering round to the west, enabled us to set fore and aft sail.

The air is warmer, and there is a cleft in the clouds to the westward. Most of

the passengers are quite recovered, and able to move about. There were only a few absentees from dinner.

The ship is much steadier, so that one can pace the deck in comfort, and, what is almost as pleasant, enjoy in peace the good cheer provided by the cook, a very essential person on board ship.

We are half-way through the much-dreaded bay, so styled undeservedly as far as my experience goes, for this is the ninth time that I have crossed it, and only twice out of the nine have I seen it in an angry mood.

By evening the breeze had much moderated, and the sky looked bright to the west and north-west. The passengers are all on deck, looking cheerful, and fast getting their sea-legs. I myself have quite got rid of my giddiness. When one is well—no tightness about the head, no

nausea—a sea-life is glorious. The fresh sweet breeze, the rolling, tumbling ocean, with its white crested waves breaking, as it were, into smiles and laughter, the lively motion of the ship as she rises and plunges, and rolls 'like a thing of life,' sending the billows, as they break against her bow, back in a sheet of foam, and in clouds of spray, brightened by myriad rainbow tints, all stir the sluggish blood into rapid motion, brace up the shattered nerves and make them tingle with new life, send a warm glow over the body, bring a tinge of colour to the pale cheek, and make the dull eye sparkle. Ah, if I were a rich man, I should have a noble fore and aft schooner, fit to carry me round the world and to battle with any weather.

Monday, January 7th.—We have had a quiet night, and are cheered this morning

by bright sunshine and a fair wind. Everybody is on deck, sea-sickness forgotten. We have our square sails set, and the ship is steadily bowling along at the rate of eleven and a half knots. We passed Cape Finisterre in the early morning, and have had a splendid run down the coast of Portugal. I have never seen a more beautiful day at sea; not a cloud has been visible on the deep azure sky; a strong, steady north wind has sent us along at a spanking rate through a sea blue as indigo, its great waves, with their white crests sparkling brightly in the sun, racing after us as if in sport. The enjoyment has been great, and the day has closed with bright conversation and merry laughter, my friend P—— and I being gifted with great capacity for enjoyment.

Just as I close for the night we

are shortening sail, and the order has been given to go at half-speed. Good-night.

CHAPTER II.

ENTERING THE TAGUS—FIRST SIGHT OF LISBON—PROMINENT OBJECTS—LAND FOR SIGHTSEEING—CATHEDRAL—CITADEL —PORTUGESE SOLDIERS—ROCIO SQUARE—OLD CATHEDRAL OF CARMO—ARCHÆOLOGICAL MUSEUM—CHURCH OF SAN ROQUE—SILVER CHAPEL—BEAUTIFUL MOSAICS—PASSEIO PUBLICO—STREETS AND HOUSES—PRISONS.

CHAPTER II.

TUESDAY, January 8th.—On coming on deck this morning we found that we were making our way at slow speed up the Tagus, which at its mouth is a magnificent river, with fine hilly scenery on both sides. The city of Lisbon stands on the north bank, and as seen from the ship's deck is very picturesque. It rises as it were from the water and spreads over and along a number of little hills or eminences which rise to a height of between five and eight hundred feet above sea level.

The many palaces, public buildings, churches, and private houses, are packed closely together, arranged, apparently, without order or regularity, and extending over an undulating surface made up of hill and dale; all are white and clean and look substantially built, but close packing conceals the size and extent of many of the principal edifices.

As we steamed slowly up the river towards the anchorage the chief objects of note were the Moorish tower of Belem, standing close to the water, and the Ajuda Palace, the usual residence of the king, a large uninteresting pile of white marble standing on a bare height, without a single tree in its vicinity visible, from the ship at least. Not far from this palace, but lying lower and nearer to the water, and surrounded by, indeed almost buried from sight in the midst of many private

houses, are the Necessidades and Belem Palaces, the latter of which was occupied by the Prince of Wales during his visit in 1876. Near these and still nearer to the water, is a handsome building devoted to a charitable purpose, and affording an asylum to a number of orphaned children. It is open to visitors, and is well worthy of a visit.

Other prominent objects are the churches of Nossa Senhora da Graçia, standing on the summit of one of the highest hills, also that of Nossa Senhora da Penlia da França; and the Basilica do Curaçoa de Jesus; this last being the most conspicuous object in the city as seen from the water, and towards the east end of the city, stand out prominently the citadel and the cathedral Sé.

The general appearance of Lisbon seen from the ship's deck is very picturesque

indeed, and reminded me, to some extent, of Constantinople.

Shortly after we had anchored and obtained pratique, the whole party went off for the shore in a steam-tug supplied by our agents (Messrs. Pinto, Barsto & Co.), except B—— and myself. We followed, however, in about an hour in a small sailing skiff; and, after transacting some business with the agents, B——, P——, and I chartered a carriage and pair and started on a round of sight-seeing for the day.

We drove past the Admiralty, a large building but without architectural attraction, into the Praça do Commercio, a very handsome square, in which are the Post Office, Exchange, Custom House, and Public Library, and in the centre of which stands a fine equestrian statue in bronze of Joseph I.

From thence we continued our drive up

several steep, narrow streets to the Cathedral Sé, not a handsome or even striking building externally. It is in the Moorish style (though some describe it as a mixture of Gothic and modern), plain outside but very tastefully finished inside. The lower part of the wall is covered with glazed tiles, on which are a series of Biblical pictures; the roof or ceiling is adorned with beautiful oil paintings, and the pillars or columns which support the roof are massive and have elaborate capitals. But, taking the cathedral as a whole, it is disappointing.

From the cathedral we drove, still uphill, to the citadel, from whence we had a good view of the city, of the river, and of the really fine scenery on the left or southern bank.

There was a strong guard at the entrance to the citadel, and there were also a num-

ber of recruits drilling in the square, and, being accustomed to soldiers in the old, *smart* days of the British army, I stood to have a look at these. They were small in stature, though otherwise of good physique, but they were badly set-up and badly dressed—at least, their uniforms were badly fitted and shabby; they were not quick or steady in their movements, or in handling their rifles, and were careless and ungraceful in their attitudes. The sentry had a slouching appearance when he stood still (I could not say that he stood either at *attention* or at *ease*), and a shuffling, listless gait when he moved on his beat. As to the recruits I can only say they were a queer-looking lot of bumpkins, though, certainly, all recruits, even our own, form an *awkward squad* at first.

I saw a good many soldiers in Lisbon, but not a single smart one.

From the citadel we drove to the Rocio Square, in the centre of which stands a handsome pillar, surmounted by a bronze statue of Don Pedro IV. On one side of this square stand the ruins of the old Cathedral of Carmo, or of Nossa Senhora de Benemento, within whose shattered walls still stand several graceful columns and arches; scraps of exquisite marble tracery lying fractured on the ground, and several good pieces of statuary representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and a very handsome statue of Donna Maria Primiera; and also a pair of beautiful wrought-iron gates with bronze mountings.

The museum of the Archæological Society is within the enclosure of the ruin, which contains specimens in the various branches of zoology, and a collection of the fauna of the country—but the collections did not strike me as being extensive.

On the west side of the Rocio stands the church of San Roque. This is an unpretentious building externally, but within its sacred walls is the Silver (or Royal, or Pontifical) Chapel, called also the chapel of St. John the Baptist. This chapel is generally closed by a heavy silk curtain, and only opened twice a year to the public. We were admitted, however, and, in assistance of my memory, I have transcribed a description of it given to us in the form of a printed memorandum as we entered the church :

The Royal or Pontifical Chapel of St. John the Baptist, was made by order of Don John V. of Portugal, and erected in the church of St. Roque. The mosaic in the centre is a representation of the baptism of Christ in the Jordan : that on the right represents the annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary ; and the one on

the left the descent of the Holy Ghost (the cloven tongues). These pieces (pictures) are imitations in mosaic of the paintings of eminent artists; the baptism of Christ being taken from Michael Angelo; the annunciation from Guido; and the descent of the Holy Ghost from Raphael Urbino. Fifteen years were spent in the execution of these mosaics by the ablest artists of the day. In the centre of the floor is represented a globe, to intimate that the above-mentioned pieces of mosaic are the most famous in the world. The two panels in the ceiling in Carrara marble were executed under the direction of the renowned sculptor Mayne, assisted by Alexander Guisti, who brought the chapel to Portugal, where he afterwards remained. There are in the chapel eight columns of lapis lazuli; the other stones of which it is

composed being amethyst, Egyptian alabaster, and granite, verde antique, Roman marble, porphyry, and ancient Jaul. All the ornaments are of gilt bronze. The candelabra and lamps are of silver gilt.

In 1744 this chapel was temporarily set up in St. Peter's at Rome, and consecrated by Pope Benedict XIV. who said the first mass in it, after which it was taken down and conveyed to Portugal, where, in 1746, it was erected in the church of St. Roque.

On entering the chapel I was struck with the beauty of the pictures, believing them to be oil paintings, and it was not until I was told to ascend a ladder and look closely at them that I discovered they were mosaics. The baptism is so particularly well done that the feet can be seen distinctly under water, and the reflection of the face on the surface. The large pieces of

lapis lazuli are remarkable, especially the slate which forms the front of the little altar. It is fully a yard long by two feet broad, and all the different stones I have mentioned are so arranged as to blend in a harmonious whole, and yet show each other off to advantage. There was some very fine gold embroidery in the chapel, and two silver gilt candlesticks standing more than six feet in height.

From the Rocio a narrow street leads to the Passeio Publico, or public promenade. This is in disorder at present, as it is being altered and replanted so as to improve it both as a garden and promenade.

Many of the other buildings in the city, especially churches, are worthy of a visit, but the period of our stay in Lisbon did not admit of our visiting more than the principal objects of interest.

The appearance of the city is oriental in many respects (indeed a portion of it is Moorish); the streets are narrow and steep, except the beautiful straight road which runs along the river bank, called the Aterro da Boa, Vista, closed in by lofty houses with flat roofs, many of them with balconies and grated windows; and what gives them a more oriental appearance, is that many of them are faced with tiles, generally white picked out with blue and pink. The more pretentious dwelling houses are surrounded by gardens enclosed by high walls; and one can only get a glimpse of orange trees and flowering shrubs and shady walks through the iron gateways.

Everything is very clean in and about the city, and, unlike Eastern towns generally (if I may so speak of a European capital, but, as I have said, part of it is

Moorish, and we must remember how much of Moorish blood still flows in the veins of the Portuguese), there are no pungent or aromatic and no offensive smells. The population appears to be very orderly and quiet, but I think shows distinctly traces of Moorish origin. The men are manly-looking and bronzed, the women plain and pale (at least those I saw), and dressed like English women. There are no picturesque dresses to be seen, and there are no street cries to be heard; beggars are rare and few homeless dogs run about the streets. I passed several prisons, mournful, dilapidated-looking buildings, the prisoners standing with their heads thrust through the broken windows, and holding by a cord baskets let down to the ground, to receive the alms of the charitable.

CHAPTER III.

LANDED EARLY—START FOR CINTRA—ASPECT OF COUNTRY—AQUEDUCT—VILLAGE OF CINTRA—VOLCANIC HILLS—CASTLE OF CINTRA—THE GARDENS—DONKEY RIDE—VIEW FROM THE CASTLE—BEAUTIFUL SUNRISE—LISBON BY DAY AND BY NIGHT—FAREWELL TO THE FAIR CITY—HISTORY OF LISBON.

CHAPTER III.

WEDNESDAY, January 9th.—We landed early, and with four of my *compagnons de voyage* (B——, P——, S——, L——), started in a carriage and pair for Cintra, the beauty of which we had heard the praises of so often, and not to visit which is looked upon by the Portuguese as an offence.

The distance from Lisbon is seventeen miles, but at this season of the year it is not an interesting drive; for being winter the flat country through which the road runs is bare and bleak-looking. The trees

and vines were leafless, there was no green, luxuriant grass covering the fields, only the thick, brown stubble of the previous autumn. Here and there a solitary man was ploughing with a small and primitive instrument, drawn by two pair of heavy, slowly-moving bullocks. Rows of bare fig and pomegranate trees, and hedges of ragged cactus lined the road, along and frequently crossing which was seen the celebrated aqueduct, that conveys the pure element into the great reservoir (the Mother of Waters) from whence it is distributed over Lisbon.

This great work was erected during the reign of Don João V., between 1729 and 1748, under the direction of Manuel da Maia. It conveys the water from springs situated more than two leagues from Lisbon and pours it into the Mai d'Agua, the great reservoir which we had visited

yesterday, and with which, though I may be wrong to acknowledge it, I was a little disappointed. I had expected to see something on a larger scale, and on making a remark to this effect afterwards was told that this Mai d'Agua is only one of three reservoirs, all of which are filled by the same aqueduct.

After a drive of three hours we reached the village of Cintra, which lies in a wooded valley at the base of a range of rocky hills of volcanic formation varying from 1,800 to 3,000 feet in height. On the summit of one of the highest peaks stands the palace or castle of Cintra, formerly the Alhambra of the Moorish kings, but now one of the royal residences of a Christian monarch.

After luncheon at Lawrence's Hotel, where another party from the ship had spent the previous day and night, we

mounted very diminutive donkeys, and started for the palace, or castle, the steep ascent winding and zigzagging round and between huge boulders and under shady trees clothed with a drapery of ferns and creepers, until we arrived at the entrance to the castle gardens, where we were met by a couple of gardeners or gate-keepers and politely requested by signs to alight and proceed on foot along a well-kept path, shaded and bordered by flowering acacias and thick camelia-bushes, bright with a wealth of blossom, scarlet, crimson, and white.

Our donkey ride was amusing, nay, exciting. All the party, except myself, appeared larger than the animals they bestrode; but the little creatures were all fire and spirit, and vied with each other for the lead in the race uphill. Possibly the fear of the goad, used dexterously by

the donkey boys who followed in pursuit, and their loud shouts, either of encouragement or abuse, roused the mettle or the fear of our poor little steeds, and caused them to make every exertion to keep well ahead. The ascent proved to be much easier and more rapid than the descent. In the latter, our donkeys, instead of racing at full speed, required to pick their steps slowly and carefully; and we had to keep our seats firmly to avoid being shot over their heads.

I was disappointed with the castle; for the most remarkable thing about it is its position—perched upon the summit of a vast pile of rock. Its style of architecture is chiefly Moorish, with some comparatively modern additions, and with some very beautiful marble tracery near the entrance and over one of the large windows. Its history, of course, is in-

teresting; but as I am rewriting a journal only, and not writing a guide-book, I do not refer to this more particularly.

The view from the top of the castle is magnificent; just below it are the town of Cintra, half hidden in its nest of trees and shrubs; the villages of Kalores, surrounded by their vineyards, and the beautiful chateau of Mr. Cooke, nestling among orange and lemon groves and exquisitely laid-out gardens. In the distance, to the south, is seen the mouth of the Tagus, to the west the broad Atlantic, to the north the town of Mafra and its grand cathedral, and to the north and east the Lines of Torres Vedras and the Serra Baragueda. I have seldom seen a more extensive and, at the same time, more magnificent view; but two things were wanting to make it perfect—foliage and verdure. No one should visit Cintra at this

season of the year, but should come in spring or summer, when Nature has clothed the surface with all her wealth of living beauty, under the influence of genial weather and bright sunshine.

Near the castle is an old Moorish tower, which I had not time to visit, and behind it, standing on a pinnacle of rock, is a bronze statue of Vasco de Gama, looking down upon the Tagus and on the broad ocean, which in his wisdom and ambition he had traversed so often and so successfully.

Cintra and its surroundings require and deserve more than one day to see and enjoy them thoroughly; but we could afford no more. So, late in the afternoon, as the sun was sinking in the far west beyond the great ocean, we commenced our homeward drive; and a miserably cold one it proved, for the evening air was

sharp and chill, and probably we felt it all the more as the excitement of sight-seeing was over for another day. It was quite dark when we reached Lisbon, and we were just in time to catch the last tug, get on board our ship, and home for dinner.

Thursday, January 10th.—I was up before daylight to see the sunrise, and I never beheld a more gorgeous one. For fully an hour before the great orb appeared above the horizon, the whole eastern heaven was aglow like burnished gold—deep red, almost crimson—which gradually brightened, until just before the advent of the sun there was a blaze of brilliant, sparkling light that shot up to the zenith, as if to herald the coming glory of the great luminary and centre of our system. Not a cloud was visible, and the great vault above us and to the west was of the

deepest shade of blue, in which the silvery morning star alone still lingered, as if to shed *his* feebler light upon the earth until the *greater* light appeared. The city, perched upon the hilly slopes and nestling in the narrow valleys, looked fair and white, contrasting wonderfully with the dark waters of the broad expanse of the majestic Tagus. What a lovely situation for a city. How commanding, and yet how picturesque. With such a home, with such a climate, how happy and contented might a people be under an able and pure-minded monarch, guided by wise and unselfish advisers. As the day advanced a cold, sharp wind blew down the river valley, which, in spite of the sun's genial warmth, made constant motion necessary to keep the blood in circulation, and a warm glow over the body.

In the evening I went on shore for a

couple of hours, to purchase a few articles of the peculiar earthenware for which Lisbon is famous. The other members of the party had been on shore all day, some sight-seeing, some on horseback, and some shopping. At six o'clock, p.m., punctually, we unshackled from our moorings and steamed away slowly from the fair city which I hope to see again. It was a noble sight by day, and a fairy-like scene by night, for a row of lights stretches along the water's edge for miles, at right angles to which irregular lines of lights ascend the hills and cross the valleys, and between them, high and low, sparkle and twinkle in remarkable irregularity thousands of house lights.

Farewell, fair city, may you prosper, and long be at peace with your neighbours, and with all the world besides, so that you may be enabled to pay regularly the half-

yearly interest on the English loan, the only debt you owe.

I may conclude this chapter with an epitome of the history of Lisbon. Local historians say that the city was founded by a great-grandson of the patriarch Abraham more than three thousand years, A.C., while others claim Ulysses as the founder from whom the name Olyssipo (abbreviated or corrupted into Lisboa) is derived.

The original inhabitants were the Turduli, who were succeeded by the Phœnicians, these by Carthaginians, and these by the Romans, by whom it was called Felicitas Julia, in honour of Julius Cæsar, from whom it received the privileges of a Municipium which it retained until A.D. 409, when the invasion of Spain and Portugal by the Vandals occurred. Lisbon formed part of the empire of the Goths until A.D. 713, when it fell under the dominion

of the Moors, who retained possession of it till 1093, in which year they were driven out of it, but only to regain and retain possession of it for fifty years longer. In A.D. 1147 the Moors were again, and finally, expelled by the Portuguese, assisted by a body of English Crusaders.

Coimbra was originally the capital of Portugal, but in the reign of Don João I. Lisbon became the capital, which position it has retained, ever increasing in wealth and splendour.

It was from the Tagus that Portuguese explorers sailed, and from Lisbon, in 1497, that the great expedition, under the celebrated Vasco de Gama went forth on its adventurous voyage round the Cape of Good Hope to India.

At the Castilian usurpation, Lisbon fell to the rank of a provincial city; but, had Philip I. made it his capital instead of

Madrid, Spain and Portugal would have become, and probably remained, one kingdom. In 1640, the city recovered its former dignity, and continued to prosper until 1755, when it was completely destroyed by an earthquake. It was rebuilt, however; and now it is one of the fairest and most beautiful cities in the world.

CHAPTER IV.

A ROUGH NIGHT IN A STEADY SHIP—PASSING VESSELS—STRAITS OF GIBRALTAR—THE OLD ROCK—LORD AND LADY NAPIER—93RD AND 79TH HIGHLANDERS—THE BLUE MEDITERRANEAN—MALAGA—SCENERY AROUND THE TOWN—THE GILALPARO—THE CATHEDRAL—THE STRANGERS' CEMETERY—THE EMPRESS EUGENIE'S HOUSE—A MAGNIFICENT SUNSET.

CHAPTER IV.

FRIDAY, January 11th.—We had a rough night, and while I write a head wind and sea tumble the good ship about a little; but we are all accustomed to the motion now, and acknowledge besides that we have never sailed in such a steady vessel. At eight a.m., we passed Cape St. Vincent, and at four p.m. were about sixty miles from the Straits of Gibraltar. We have passed during the day a number of steamers and several sailing vessels; some making for the Straits, and some going north. My companions have been quite

happy to-day; and watching the different ships through our binoculars and speculating on their ownership, cargo, and destination afforded us all a little excitement.

Saturday, January 12th.—Passed through the Straits very early this morning, and on coming on deck at 7.30, had a good view of the eastern, almost perpendicular, face of the old 'Rock,' where I passed the last six months of my military career. It is strange that all who have ever served in Gibraltar should retain ever after such a feeling of affection for 'The Rock,' as they familiarly call it. On first arrival (I speak of my own experience) one feels a little disappointment at the bare and sterile appearance of the place itself, and at the mean look of the town crushed down into a corner; and for some days, or even weeks, after landing, one lives under a sense of constriction and confinement, and

rebels against the closing and locking of the fortress gates at sunset. This was particularly the case with myself, for I had never lived in a fortress before, scarcely ever in a barrack indeed, where gates are shut and bolted also. My eighteen years of regimental life—of intimate association with the soldier—were passed either on the 'tented field' or in India, where one's own bungalow and the men's barracks are always wide open.

But in Gibraltar, the unpleasant feeling of being locked up for the night soon wears off, until at last one does not even think of it, and as the months and years pass, one likes the place better and better, is sorry when the time comes to leave, even should it be to return to England, and ever afterwards retains an affectionate remembrance of, and has a kindly word for, the old 'Rock.' I never served in any

of our possessions where I experienced greater kindness and hospitality. Lord Napier of Magdala, the governor—whom I had known in former years in India—received me kindly, as also did Lady Napier. My own old regiment, the 93rd, formed part of the garrison, so that I was at home at once; and the 79th—which I had known intimately in the Crimea and in India—was there too, and received me into their friendship again. But in both regiments a new generation had sprung up; old familiar faces were not there to greet me, only three in my own old corps and two in the 79th were of the number of old friends; but still the recollection of names and events with which I had been associated, and the freemasonry which exists amongst men of Highland name and blood, insured me a welcome.

Amongst the civilians, too, there were

many who were kind and hospitable, and I take this opportunity of acknowledging that I appreciated their attention at the time, and still gratefully remember them.

The very sight of Gibraltar has thus revived my own kindly recollections of it, and compelled me to commit to writing what were and are my own feelings, and what I have always heard were the feelings of all others who had served there.

We are now in the blue Mediterranean, moving quickly over its placid surface, with Gibraltar astern of us, the beautiful rugged coast of Spain a-beam, and the snow-capped Sierra Nevada in the distance on our port bow.

By ten o'clock we are in Malaga Bay, at 11.30 are at anchor outside the Mole and looking out for the health officer, our agent, and our home letters.

Malaga is a pretty little town as seen

from the ship's deck. It lies close down on the sea-shore at the head of a wide bay open to the south, but around which to the north, so as to form a semi-circular barrier, sweeps a beautiful chain of lesser mountains with fine bold outline, their gentle slopes and open valleys bare at present, but in the season (I am told) so covered with the broad-leaved, prolific vine, that scarcely a yard of the deep red surface can be seen. This red colour is communicated to the surface by the quantity of iron the soil contains, which renders it so suitable for the cultivation and luxuriant growth of the vine.

The two most conspicuous objects seen from the ship's deck are the Gilalfarro (an isolated hill), with its old Moorish tower and fortifications on its summit and on its western side, close to the old Moorish city; and the handsome cathedral, standing high

and almost in the centre of the town which clusters closely round its base.

On the west of the town are a number of factories for the manufacture of sugar, oil, and cotton, which, with their tall stacks pouring forth volumes of black smoke, show that there are life and enterprise amongst the Malaganese, and that they are practising the arts of peace.

Our agent came off shortly after we had dropped our anchor, deputed by the health officer to give us pratique—a singular arrangement, but quite satisfactory to us. With him we went on shore, and under his guidance visited the few places of interest. First we drove to the Alameda, *here* a market and place of business, and not the fashionable promenade. It is in the centre of the town and has no attraction for the visitor. From thence we drove to the cathedral, but could not

obtain admission, as it was closed for the day; we therefore continued our drive through the streets, in one of which the Empress Eugenie's old home was pointed out to us; then turning to our right and leaving the town we drove round the base of the Gilalfarro by an execrable road, to the foreign cemetery. This is in a secluded spot, and is jealously guarded and protected by stone walls and iron gates. It is kept in beautiful order, shaded by trees, and brightened up by flowering shrubs and creepers, the high wall quite covered over by the most beautiful beaugainvillea, a mass of blossom, dark and pale purple, dark and bright red, deep and pale pink; all so mixed up with each other as to make a blaze of bright and harmonious colour.

It is peculiar to note, however, that in this little God's-Acre the dead of the

British nationalities are laid at rest in terraces apart from each other—English, Scotch, Welsh, and Irish: each have their own separate resting-place. The only result from such arrangement must be that each section of the community devotes more attention to its own special spot of sepulture, lest that of the others might surpass in beauty; and thus the sacred spot is so well kept as to be an object of attraction and admiration to the community and to visitors.

By this time the setting sun warned us that it was time to return to our ship, but on the way to the wharf we went with Mr. Troughton to his house, and tasted his celebrated Motilla, a pleasant, light, dry, bitter sherry—a natural wine, as he said, without added spirit.

After dinner, we made arrangements with Mr. Troughton to send us on, as a

party, to Granada by the afternoon train to-morrow, he promising to telegraph to the hotel there to secure rooms for us.

What a magnificent sunset we have been favoured with this evening; what a silvery moon, and what a galaxy of stars is shining overhead; even the comet, with its brilliant tail, adds to the glory of the heavens, and, though the air is crisp and keen, we can sit on deck without discomfort. As I stood alone, smoking my post-prandial cigar and looking on the little town, plainly visible under the bright starlight, and nestling, calm and peaceful, under the shadow of the surrounding hills, I could not but reflect on the present and the past. There, high up upon the hill, dominating the little town, stood out prominently the ruined castle with its mosque; the former reared on the height by a warlike and a conquering race, which

centuries ago had extended its power and its religion into Europe by the sword, and had erected the strong fortress, with its battlemented walls, in order to establish its rule, and restrain by force of arms the conquered race, and had built their sacred mosque to practise and propagate their religious belief. But, after the lapse of many years, this race of fierce and fanatical warriors was driven from the land by the very people it had held in subjection so long; their strong fortress taken, their mosque destroyed, and both left to crumble slowly to decay.

There, a little lower, but still in a commanding position, gathering its people round it, and beneath its protecting shadow, stood the great Christian church; its power established from the first without bloodshed; its influence maintained, not by the terror of the sword, but by

the purity, nobleness, and grace of the teaching and example of the Great Master, who bade men live in goodwill and charity toward each other, using the ploughshare and pruning-hook instead of the destroying sword, practising the arts of peace, and spreading throughout all lands the glad tidings of the religion of Faith and Love.

Such were my reflections on the present and the past.

At this moment I was joined by L——, one of my companions, and we conversed about what we had seen on shore. We both felt disappointment at not having seen more of the national dress; for the men walk about in Malaga in European clothes, even to the ungainly and unwholesome *topper*, but in addition to European clothes, 'made in England too,' all wear

cloaks of ample dimensions, the right flap generally thrown gracefully over the left shoulder. All smoke cigarettes incessantly, and talk politics. I am told that there is a class of the community who make a profession of politics, and who, while explaining their views, preach a doctrine of *revolution* and *sedition.*

In the evening, just as we were going down to the wharf to embark, several ladies made their appearance on the promenade which is on one side of the harbour, dressed in black silk, wearing their picturesque mantillas, and carrying in their right hands the useful fan. We agreed that they were not beautiful—one certainly was a pretty girl, but nothing more —and that they did not show that gracefulness of deportment which we had always understood that the Andalusian

women were famous and remarkable for. Of course, we only judged of the few ladies whom we saw. as is the way with the average English traveller,

CHAPTER V.

THE MALAGA CATHEDRAL—THE CHAPEL OF VICTORIA—START FOR GRANADA—ORANGE GARDENS—OLIVE GROVES—WILD ROCKY SCENERY—MOUNTAIN SCENERY—SUNSET—COLD WIND—ARRIVE AT GRANADA—SUETE SUELLOS AND DON JOSE DE GADEA—MOONLIGHT ON THE RUINS—A MORNING RUN—THE TOWER OF THE BELL—VIEW OF THE CITY, VEGA, AND MOUNTAINS—REFLECTIONS.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY, January 13th.—We landed immediately after breakfast, and went straight to the cathedral—a noble pile, but unfinished, as seems to be the case with so many cathedrals. The interior is beautiful, and in the Italian style. In the centre of the vast building stand two splendid organs, compared with which all those that I have hitherto seen are insignificant as far as size and appearance are concerned, but unfortunately I did not hear them played. The pipes are steel-blue in colour, touched up with gold.

Not far from the cathedral stands the church (or chapel) of Victoria, erected by Ferdinand and Isabella, in their piety and thankfulness, on the spot where their tents had been pitched during the bombardment of the Gillalfarro Castle. Within this church, over the altar, hang the Moorish standards taken on the surrender of the castle.

At 1.30 p.m. we started by train, twenty-two of us packed in one carriage, but comfortably, for there was room for two more.

In the first part of our route we passed through extensive fields of sugar-cane, which surround the factories I have already alluded to. Our next stage was through miles of orange gardens, the trees richly laden with and bending under the weight of their golden fruit, which men and boys were busy collecting, piling

them in heaps, and throwing them into carts, which conveyed them to the packing sheds, where women rolled each orange nimbly up in paper before packing them in cases for exportation.

Further on, we passed through miles of olive groves, whose sombre foliage contrasted strangely with the bright green and gold of the orange. These olive-trees were planted with great regularity in rows, with ample space between each tree. Some were like little shrubs—in their first youth, in fact—some mature and vigorous, with large outspread branches, and some venerable with age—bent, twisted, gnarled, broken, split into two, each half growing like a separate stem from a parent root. All, even the apparently decayed, were bearing fruit abundantly. Beyond this we came into a broken, hilly country, where we rushed through many tunnels,

wound round spur and mountain, sped along under frowning cliffs and precipices, dashed across deep narrow valleys, and over frail bridges spanning mountain streams and torrent beds.

From this wild and rugged district we passed on, ever ascending, into an open country of hill and dale. There the orange was not cultivated, but olive groves covered the sloping hill sides, and in every little sheltered nook and corner stood clumps of bare and leafless fig and pomegranate trees. We saw no vineyards along our route, but as the people here cut the vines down to the very roots when the vintage is gathered in, it is possible that we may have passed many without our knowledge.

From this open country we passed again into wild mountain scenery, but we had little opportunity to admire it, for the

sun was approaching the horizon, fading slowly from our sight, leaving a flood of glory behind; and then the bright stars and silvery moon shed a weird and uncertain light; and, as the wind began to sweep down chill and cold from the snow-capped Sierra which we were approaching, we closed our windows, wrapped our coats and rugs tightly round us, and slept, or tried to sleep.

We had left almost a summer sun, with its genial warmth, behind us in Malaga, had reached an elevation of nearly three thousand feet, and felt the icy breath of winter.

Our train arrived at Granada at 8.30 p.m., where we found an English-speaking guide awaiting us, to take the party to the hotel. This had been arranged for by our agent (Mr. Troughton).

The hotel is close under the Alhambra,

is kept by Don José de Gadea, and is called the Hotel de Siete Suellos (the hotel of seven floors.) It is distant from the railway station about two miles, and the road to it is a steep ascent the whole way.

By 9.30 p.m. we had taken possession of our rooms, and were ready for supper. All sat down together, had some tolerable food cooked in Spanish style, with (to me) unpalatable red and white country wine.

After supper, we were tempted to look outside, but the chill sharp air drove *me* indoors again, though the bright moonlight invited others to linger longer, to seek out the mighty historical ruin, and wander under the shadow of its great towers and crumbling walls.

Monday, January 14*th.*—(The birthday of my eldest Son. He is twenty-one to-day. God bless him!) I was up early and out into the bright sunshine, but found

the ground covered with hoar frost, and a thick pellicle of ice on the ponds and stagnant water, and it was so cold and chill that I had to move rapidly—to run; but the crisp, rare mountain air caught my breath and arrested me in my race up-hill. Thank God, though, that, at the age of sixty, I *can* run. But never before, not even at much higher altitudes in the Himalayas, did I experience the same difficulty of respiration as on this occasion. My breath seemed to fail, to catch suddenly, and I had to stop, to stand still, and throw my head backwards that the air might rush into my lungs.

I found one of our party out before me, for my friend, Mr. E——, has, like myself, been in India, and still adheres to the Indian habit of early rising. He and I often speak of India, compare notes of our experiences there, and recall pleasant me-

mories of the sunny East. I like him, for he always has a kind thought of and a kind word for everybody.

After breakfast, we sallied forth in several parties of four and five, each party under a guide—my own party consisted of six; Mr. and Mrs. B——, Mr. B—— and son, Mr. S——, and myself, under the charge and guidance of Lawrenzo Basileo Bagna (who tells me that he remembers me at Gibraltar). We walked up to the Alhambra, and entered the fortress by the Puerta de la Justicia, and before entering the palace walked across the square or courtyard to the Torre de la Bella (the Tower of the Bell), from which we had a magnificent view. The City of Granada, old and new, nestles close under the fortress, shut in on the east, where the old part stands, by a solid defensible wall, built by the Moors. Be-

yond the city, and on three sides of it, extends the great Vega, or plain of Granada, beautiful, rich, under cultivation, dotted over with white villas, pretty villages, and substantial farm-houses, and watered by two large streams. This magnificent plain is shut in on all sides by mountain barriers; on the north-east by the snow-clad Sierra Nevada, now robed in white, and sparkling like a sheet of glass under the bright sunshine of noonday. Far away to the left, as I look down upon and across the plain, stands a lofty mound amid a billowy range of hills, on which, tradition says, the defeated and unfortunate Boabdil stayed in his rapid flight for a moment, and, looking back on the fair scene of his former power and splendour, wept in bitter anguish as he gazed for the last time on the fair realm he had lost. To the right are the rugged

mountains that separate Granada from Cordova.

I stood for some time in silent admiration of the grand panorama round. *There* was the city immediately beneath me, old and new contrasting so strangely with each other; the former with its history of centuries, its crumbling, battlemented towers and walls, and ruined palaces, emblem of strife and war and departed power; the latter with its cathedral, churches, houses, Alameda, and railway-station, all of modern growth, emblem of peace, goodwill, and progress. Beyond the city stretched the vast undulating plain, with its wealth of verdure, its peaceful homes, and prosperous homesteads; and still further in the far distance the great mountain range, with its bold, irregular outline, rugged slopes, and deep, gloomy ravines, swept round, as if to form a pro-

tecting barrier, and shield plain, city, and fortress from all danger. Human eye never looked upon a fairer scene, and every human heart must feel sympathy for the vanquished sovereign when he wept and sorrowed over his defeat and fall.

CHAPTER VI.

THE ALHAMBRA—ITS RUINED PALACE, WALLS, AND TOWERS—SUMMARY JUSTICE—ROMANTIC LITTLE STORIES—THE MOORISH BOABDIL—THE GENERALIFFE—THE CATHEDRAL—THE ORGAN—THE ROYAL CHAPEL—TOMBS OF KINGS AND QUEENS—THE PAUCITY OF WORSHIPPERS—THE REREDOS—THE GIPSY DANCE—GUITAR MUSIC—RETURN TO MALAGA.

CHAPTER VI.

RETRACING our steps from the Tower of the Bell—which bell, the guide informed us, was rung only once a year, and that on *the* occasion the maiden who first pulls the rope may expect to be married within the year. Probably a knowledge on the part of her companion maidens of an engagement induces them to afford her the opportunity to give the first pull. After leaving this tower, we passed, on our right, the Puerta de Vino (why so called I could not ascertain), and a little further on, also on the right, the

Plaza de los Algibes, beneath which are several old Moorish cisterns, and beyond which is the large Tuscan palace commenced by Charles V., but never completed.

The entrance into the palace of the Alhambra is by the Patio Estanque (or the Court of the Fish-fountain), a beautiful paved court surrounded by a balcony supported on slender, graceful marble pillars. To the right of this court is the Patio de los Leones, a large, square court paved with marble, with a verandah on its four sides supported by one hundred and twenty-four marble pillars, and in the centre of which stands the large marble basin, resting on twelve rather grotesque-looking lions. On the right of this court is the Sala de los Abincerages, or the Hall of Courtiers, so called from the circumstance of thirty-six of the court officials having been beheaded in it in one day under the

suspicion that one of their number had attempted to intrigue with a royal princess, and, as it was uncertain which individual of the thirty-six was the guilty *one*, all were condemned to death so as to put the matter beyond doubt—rough but certain justice! The spot is pointed out in the middle of the hall on which the executions were carried out—you are shown where each man in turn placed his feet, where he rested his hands, and where he bowed his head to receive the fatal stroke, and the little channel along which the blood flowed. The marble really appears to retain the stain of blood, and, pointing to the bloody stain, the guide told the story with the most perfect *sang-froid*, while it almost made our blood curdle to hear it.

Opposite the entrance of the Patio de los Leones is the Sala de Justicia, where it is to be hoped that greater discrimination

was exercised than in the Hall of Courtiers, and that 'justice was tempered with mercy.' To the left of this hall is the Sala de los Hermanas, or the Hall of the Two Sisters, so called from two immense slabs of white marble which are laid side by side and form part of the pavement.

Beyond this is the Sala de los Cupulos, or the Hall of the Towers, and adjoining it the Merador de la Lundarava, or the Boudoir of the Favourite, which looks into the Court of Lemons, a small, jealously-guarded garden, planted with lemon and orange-trees. Passing from the boudoir to the left, along a little corridor (open towards the garden) you enter the Tucador, or the Sala del Peinador, or the Room of Sweet Scent, in which the royal ladies perfumed themselves, by standing over a perforated slab of marble on which were placed musk or other perfumes, and be-

neath which stood a brazier filled with glowing charcoal. This practice is still common in India, but the women there adopt a simpler plan. They dig a small hole in the ground, into which they throw several pieces of glowing charcoal on which they sprinkle a few grains of musk, and sit over this until their persons and garments are saturated with the perfume.

From thence we passed into the Sala de los Embajadores or the Hall of Audience, in which the immortal Columbus received his final orders to sail on his great voyage of discovery. The very spots are pointed out where Ferdinand and Isabella sat on their thrones, and that on which Columbus stood in respectful attitude during the celebrated interview. Attached to this hall is the Sala de la Barca.

Retracing our way, and descending a short flight of steps, we entered the Sala de

los Secretos, or the Whispering Chamber, immediately beyond which is the Casala del Descanso, or the Ante-chamber of the Bath, where the ladies prepared themselves for, and reclined after they had performed, their ablutions in the bath-room attached to the ante-chamber.

Turning back again, ascending the same flight of steps, and passing along a narrow covered passage, we entered the court of the mosque, and then the mosque itself, converted by Ferdinand and Isabella into a Christian chapel.

The massive towers which surround the fortress, commencing from the left as one looks towards the plain—that is, the east —are as follows: La Torre Berenaga, or the Tower of the Prisoners, still used for such purpose, as military prisoners are confined in it; La Torre de la Bella, which I have already mentioned; Los Torres de

las Princesas, which have romantic stories attached to them, as in the first, three Moorish princesses were imprisoned by their father to prevent their marrying Christian knights. Two of them escaped with their lovers, but what became of the third the guide could not inform us.

In the second tower (also called La Torre de la Cautiva, or the Tower of the Captive), a Christian lady was imprisoned because she refused to enter the harem of a Moorish prince as his wife, or in a humbler capacity, and who, to escape from either fate, threw herself from the window and perished.

These two towers are in a very good state of preservation—inside, at least; the floors are of white marble, the ceilings of beautiful variegated tile-work, and the slender pillars which form the framework of the windows are of pure

white marble, adorned with alabaster capitals.

The other towers are La Torre de Boabdilla, or the King's Smoking Saloon; La Torre de los Picolos, at the base of which is the iron door through which Boabdil passed out of the fortress to join his army on the eve of the great battle in which he was defeated and lost his crown; La Torre de las Dames, or the Tower of the King's Mistress; Los Torres de l'Agua, the two towers between which passed the aqueduct by means of which the water supply was conveyed into the fortress. None of these last mentioned are in a good state of preservation, and very little of the great wall which connected these towers is in a perfect state. The two last towers are La Torre de los Siete Suelas, or the Tower of the Seven Floors; and La Torre de dos Cavessa, or the Tower of Two Heads.

My description of the Alhambra is no doubt imperfect, but I may mention that my visit was limited to one day, that I made no notes while I was going through it, but on the evening of the same day wrote down from memory in my journal what I saw and heard, and then read it over to the guide, who pronounced it correct. To give a full and minute description of the Alhambra would fill a book.

In the afternoon we visited the Generaliffe, or the abode of the architect. This was a mistake. One should see this before visiting the Alhambra, for with one's head full of the beautiful palace, this humbler building, with its pretty gardens, rushing streams, and little fountains and *jets d'eau*, scarcely rouses even temporary interest.

From hence we walked down to the city and entered the cathedral—another

noble pile, but in an unfinished state. It is built in the Grœco-Italian style, very delicate and beautiful, but not equal to, not to be compared with the grand, grave, simple old Gothic. The flat roof is supported by two rows of Corinthian columns with elaborately wrought capitals; the beautiful ceiling is richly ornamented with gilding, and the floor is paved with white marble.

The chapels round the sides are handsomely decorated, but spoilt by grotesque figures, though there are many fine pictures in them. The altar is overshadowed by a dome-shaped canopy. The organ is magnificent; placed in the centre of the building, and of enormous size, reaching almost up to the ceiling, and completely encased in gilding. I never saw such an organ, or, to speak more correctly, set of organs; but, unfortunately, though I

heard it played, it was not with its full power. The 'Dead March in Saul,' played on such an instrument, in such a building, by a good performer, would have been grand indeed.

From the cathedral we entered the Royal Chapel, which adjoins, in fact is part of the cathedral. Here are the tombs of Philip and Joana, and of Ferdinand and Isabella, both most exquisitely executed in white marble in the Italian style. Below, in the crypt, are the iron coffins which contain the royal dust. In the centre of the chapel stands a splendid organ, enclosed within a very handsome wrought-iron railing. Though service was going on in both cathedral and chapel, there were not a dozen worshippers or listeners in either. I forgot to mention the reredos in the chapel. It is a beautiful work of art; is formed of a deep red

marble, picked out with black and white, and adorned with gilding.

At night we attended a gipsy dance. The dancing, or rather attitudes and motions, of both men and women were stiff and ungraceful, indeed, indelicate; their voices were harsh, and singing wild and barbarous, but their guitar music was truly wonderful. I had heard so much and often of the Spanish gitanas that I was all the more surprised and disappointed to find them more than plain (there was not one of them even good-looking), and with stout, squat figures, in which there was neither grace nor elasticity.

Tuesday, January 15th.—Up at three o'clock, a.m., to return to Malaga, regretting greatly that I had had so short a stay in Granada; for to see it thoroughly, describe its beauty of scenery, and inspect the Alhambra properly, would require

many days instead of one. We reached Malaga at twelve o'clock noon, went on board our comfortable ship, feeling ourselves at home once more; and at nine o'clock, p.m., weighed anchor, and proceeded on our voyage.

CHAPTER VII.

MEDITERRANEAN WEATHER—THE GOOD SHIP 'CEYLON'—MINORCA—PORT MAHON—NARROW ENTRANCE—BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR—THE TOWN—CHURCHES—THE TALAYOTS—BILITHONS AND MONOLITHS—THE ENGLISH MISSIONARY—THE SPANISH FLAG-SHIP—OUR VISIT AND RECEPTION—SPANISH OFFICERS SPEAKING ENGLISH—THE ORGAN PLAYED FOR US.

CHAPTER VII.

WEDNESDAY, January 16th.—We have charming Mediterranean weather to-day; bright sunshine, a calm, placid sea, but a sharp, cold, bracing air.

Thursday, January 17th.—The sea calm as a well, and the noble *Ceylon* is gliding along without the least perceptible motion. We shall be in Port Mahon, in the island of Minorca, by to-morrow morning, as the distance this afternoon is said to be ninety-one miles.

At six o'clock p.m., we sighted the Port Mahon light, but our careful captain does

not intend to enter the harbour until day-light to-morrow morning, so the order is given for 'half-speed.'

Friday, January 18th.—Steamed slowly into port this morning at 7.30. The entrance to the harbour is very pretty, but so narrow that, as the saying is, one could throw a biscuit on shore. The description of the entrance that I had previously read does not convey a correct impression of its narrowness. The harbour itself is long, narrow, and deep—probably about two miles long by half-a-mile broad—and is perfectly sheltered by two ridges of high land, one on either side.

I have read that it is one of the largest and safest harbours in the Mediterranean, and that there is room enough in it for all the ships of war which sail on its waters; but, if I may express an opinion, not more than twelve large ships could

ride in it at single anchor, and even for that number there would scarcely be room for them to swing. Packed closely together, however, or moored fore and aft, many ships might lie in the harbour. At present the Spanish Mediterranean squadron, consisting of five ironclads, is moored about the middle of the harbour.

A certain amount of interest for Englishmen is attached to the island of Minorca and to the city of Mahon, for during the war of succession in Spain it was occupied by a British force, and at the peace of Utrecht, having been recognised as a British possession, it continued to be so until 1756, when, during the war between Great Britain and France, it was taken by a French expedition under the Duc de Richelieu.

It was in consequence of his having failed to prevent its capture that Admiral

Byng was tried by court-martial, and sentenced to be shot.

Seven years afterwards (in 1763) Minorca was restored to Great Britain, but again taken by a combined French and Spanish force, after a gallant and determined resistance. In 1792 it was again captured by the British, and in 1802 ceded to Spain by the treaty of Amiens.

Minorca is further historically famous as having been the birthplace of the great Carthagenian general, Hannibal.

At the entrance to Port Mahon, on the left, is the ruined fortress of San Felipe, and on the right the elevated peninsula of La Mora.

We anchored off the pretty little city of Mahon (the chief town of the island), about fifty yards from the landing-place, and in deep water. The city lies close to the water, and extends up an abruptly

steep slope to the crest of the long, low ridge on the north side of the harbour. A similar ridge runs along the southern side. Narrow, steep, paved streets lead from the landing-place to the upper part of the city, in which the most conspicuous objects are the churches of Santa Maria and Santa Maria del Carmen, and except these there are no other large buildings in the place. We visited both. That of Santa Maria del Carmen is the smaller but handsomer of the two, and is purely Gothic in style. It is dark and gloomy within, but the eye soon accommodates itself to the semi-darkness. The altar is very beautiful, and shows to great advantage by being placed under an arch of dark-coloured marble. The organ is large, and occupies the end of the church opposite the altar, filling up the whole space. It is said to be a very fine-toned one, so we

arranged for a performance at four o'clock p.m., at which hour the organist promised to attend.

After our visit to the church, we started to walk a distance of a couple of miles, to inspect one of the remarkable structures called Talayots, of which there are a number in the island. It was a rough walk, during which we had to climb over several high rough stone dykes, and scramble over stony fields before arriving at the object we were in search of; and in this we should not have been successful but for the guidance of an English Protestant Missionary, whom we met accidentally, and who in his pleasure at meeting so many countrymen, and hearing his own mother tongue, volunteered to pilot us. He is the only Englishman, and the only person on the island who speaks English.

On arriving at the first Talayot, we clam-

bered to the top of it, but seeing a little further on one in a better state of preservation, and in a position from whence we should have a better view, we went through some further climbing to reach it. We found it apparently in perfect condition, with one bilithon (two large stones placed one on the other in the form of a T) standing near, and a number of monoliths, standing upright, round it; and from the top had a good view of a great extent of the island.

These Talayots are constructed of roughly hewn blocks of sandstone, laid upon each other, but without mortar. In shape they are short truncated cones, enclosed within four square stone outwarks, connected by loose stone walls; the whole, including bilithon and monoliths, surrounded by low, loosely-built stone walls of singular serpentine formation. These Talayots are

to be seen in different parts of the island, but it is not known when, or for what purpose they were erected. If the word Talayot is derived from 'atalayar' (to mount guard), which some suppose, they may have been erected for some military purpose, such as defensible granaries. But the presence of the bilithons and monoliths would lead to the supposition that they were built for religious purposes, either as places of worship or of sepulture. One, I believe, has been opened, but not perfectly examined. Several have fallen into decay, and reveal the existence of chambers and circular passages.

There is a good deal of cultivation in the island, but the fields are very small, and all are enclosed by loose stone dykes. I noticed an unusual number of open-air threshing-floors, all circular, and formed with stone. There are very few trees in

this part of the island, only some sickly-looking fig-trees and dwarf olives; but I understand (from my reverend friend the Missionary) that the north and east districts are fairly wooded, and covered with grass sufficient to graze cattle, which are bred extensively, and which make good beef. There are no sheep, and horses and mules are very scarce; carriage hire is therefore expensive, and for a drive of two hours in a carriage, with a pair of ponies, the sum of twelve shillings is the ordinary charge. There are no hotels, as visitors are so few, and the few generally come in yachts. Quantities of vegetables of different kinds are cultivated, for home consumption chiefly, but also to supply ships of war and private yachts. Boots and shoes are the only manufacture, and also the only export, and are sent in large numbers to Spain. Pretty shell orna-

ments, and gold and filigree work are made, but not exported. These, I believe, are bought principally by visitors; and the *Ceylon* party brought away specimens of each class of work as mementos of their visit.

After lunch a number of us went alongside the Spanish flag-ship and sent up our cards. We were received with the greatest civility, invited on board, and shown over every part of the ship even to the sick-bay; *this* on my account specially, as from my card they knew that I was an army medical officer.

The young officer who received and accompanied us round the ship spoke English very fluently, and, on our asking how he had mastered the language so perfectly, he informed us that he had spent twelve years of his boyhood and youth in England at school and college, that during those years

he had quite forgotten his own mother-tongue, and had to learn it afresh on his return to Spain. He is an officer of Marines, but at present holds the appointment of Aide-de-camp to the Admiral in command of the fleet.

On our first stepping on the quarter-deck and saluting the Spanish flag, the ship's band, which was at practice at the time, played 'God save the Queen,' a very delicate attention to us Englishmen, and for which we expressed our gratitude and thanks.

Our Missionary friend accompanied our party to act as interpreter, and while acting in that capacity between one of the officers of the ship and myself, would persist in repeating the officer's replies to my questions in Spanish; and on my remonstrating, the officer smiled good-humouredly, and said, 'I can speak a little

English, and will try to converse with you in your own tongue.' I asked him 'how he had picked up English,' and he replied, 'by the help of your own grammar only.'

How few Englishmen are persevering enough to acquire proficiency in a foreign tongue in the same way!

In the evening three of the officers of the flag-ship came on board the *Ceylon* to dinner.

Having paid our visit we rowed ashore, and walked up to the church for our promised organ performance. We were delighted with the tone and power of the instrument, but one of our party proved to be a better performer than the organist himself, and played splendidly, bringing out the full tone and filling the whole church with a flood of music. I could not help thinking and saying to myself as the grand, solemn tones pealed through the old

church, 'What would the accomplished organist of our own church of St. Barnabas, Kensington, give for an opportunity of touching the keys of such organs as I have been seeing and hearing lately? Such as those in Malaga, Granada, and this one. He would be in an ecstacy of delight.'

Well, we have done this queer little dot on the world's surface. Even in such an out-of-the-way place, though, people are politicians, and always are, or wish it to be thought that they are, 'en revolution.' From the little I saw of the inhabitants of Port Mahon they appeared to form a very quiet little community—half asleep, and too poor to make any political disturbance.

CHAPTER VIII.

LEAVE PORT MAHON—VILLE FRANCHE—NICE—SCENERY—CLIMATE—THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS—EXHIBITION—MONACO—MONTE CARLO—THE CASINO AND GARDENS—THE GAMING TABLES—THE GAMBLERS—OLD AND YOUNG PLAYING—HEAVY LOSSES TAKEN QUIETLY—WEEPING AND DISTRESS—SAIL FOR NAPLES.

CHAPTER VIII.

SATURDAY, January 19th.—We left Port Mahon this morning at eight o'clock. Fine weather follows us still. We have a clear blue sky and calm sea, but the air is keen and bracing.

Sunday, January 20th.—Arrived at Ville Franche about breakfast-time, having had a good view of Nice as we steamed up to our anchorage. There is only an open roadstead at Nice, Ville Franche being the port, distant from Nice three miles both by land and sea. The harbour of Ville Franche is very pretty, and large enough

to accommodate twenty or more large vessels. The water is deep close in shore, and the holding-ground good, but as it is open to the south I should not think it a very safe anchorage during a strong southerly wind.

The small town of Ville Franche lies at the head of the harbour on the western side. Looking at it from the water, it is picturesque, the houses being built in terraces on the side of the hill, Italian in style, they say, but to me it has an Eastern or Moorish appearance. It is a poor place, as one discovers on landing, and not cleanly, and never can increase in importance, as everything centres in Nice or gravitates to Monte Carlo.

There are some old fortifications low down on the shore, almost on the waterline, and an old castle on the summit of the hill overlooking both Ville Franche and

Nice. High hills dominate both towns on the north, and protect them to a great extent from the cold cutting north winds that sweep down from the snow-clad hills. At present, though the sun's rays are warm and penetrating, the air is keen and cold, rendering a thin overcoat necessary.

The French Mediterranean fleet, consisting of five large ironclads and a despatch vessel, is here just now, and occupies and monopolises the best anchorage, so that the *Ceylon* has to lie on the east side of the harbour, at a good distance from the landing-place. We do not propose to visit the French flag-ship, as we did the Spanish, as our reception might not be so cordial.

After breakfast everybody landed except three of us, Mr. E——, Dr. L——, and myself, and went off to Nice by train, which passes and stops at the head of the harbour. We three remained on board

until after lunch, when we landed and took a stroll along the road in the direction of Monaco, returning at sunset. In the evening our whole party was present at dinner, there being nothing sufficiently attractive—not even dinner à la Française—to detain them in Nice.

I have just heard that my friend, Colonel T—— (who like myself has soldiered many years in many lands), and his wife join us here, and remain with us during the rest of the cruise, and am very pleased to hear it. Seven new passengers join us here also; six go as far as Naples only, and one to Gibraltar.

Monday, January 21st.—A very cold morning; clouds obscure the sun, and heavy mists hang over the crests of the hills. The dew was so heavy during the night that (as the quarter-master of the middle-watch told me) it fell on deck

from the ropes and rigging like drops of rain.

Surely, with a hot sun and keen wind during the day, and such heavy dews at night, followed by clouds and dense fogs in the morning, the climate cannot be favourable for invalids or delicate persons.

After breakfast, I landed with Mr. and Mrs. B—— and B——, and drove by bus into Nice, going first, on arriving there, to the post-office, but there were no letters for any of us. For my own part, I did not expect any, as mine are always awaiting my arrival at every port. From the post-office we walked to the Promenade des Anglais, a beautiful and well-kept terrace stretching along the sea for quite a mile. From thence we continued our walk up to the exhibition building, which, though not complete, has been opened

for visitors and to the public. The exhibition has been got up by a private company, under the patronage of the mayor of Nice; in fact, I was informed that he was a member of the company. I was also informed that sufficient funds have not been raised to meet the expenses of erecting the handsome building and putting the grounds in order; and that ill-natured individuals of the community say, that, in consequence of this lack of funds, the standing employées of the town are taken from their legitimate duties to work at the exhibition, and that hence the dirty and neglected state of the streets at present, which usually are patterns of cleanliness and order.

The town of Nice is much larger when one is really in it than it appears to be when seen from the sea. It is divided into old and new (Billingsgate and West

End), separated from each other by a river, which, as I saw it, was a rippling stream in the middle of a broad, dry channel.

Hotels and pensions are situated along or near the Promenade des Anglais, and the villas, which can be hired by the season, are scattered all over the southern slopes of the hills, which (as in Ville Franche) rise to a considerable height behind and above the town.

Nice is a pretty place, and very picturesquely situated (as, I think, I have already remarked), but at this season of the year there is a want of greenness and freshness about or around it generally, though beautiful flowers are to be seen in gardens and to be bought in the shops. There are few trees in the town, and the bare, brown hill sides are covered with the sombre olive and ragged Scotch fir, especially above Ville Franche. Along the

road-sides one sees the pepper-tree, with its hanging clusters of red berries, the leafy aromatic eucalyptus, and the fig-tree, bare and leafless at present, also the aloe and the cactus; and, growing as a hedge, the scarlet geranium.

After an indifferent lunch in a French restaurant—which disabused me of the idea that French cookery is always good—my friend B—— and I started by train for Monte Carlo. The distance, about ten miles, was accomplished in three quarters of an hour. On the way we passed close to Monaco, a little principality consisting of an old fort and some three or four hundred houses, all packed closely together on a mountain spur which projects from the mainland into the sea. The flag of the principality was floating over the fort, to show its royalty and independence.

A little beyond Monaco lies Monte Carlo, a village close to the sea, and shut in behind by high, rugged, bare hills. On a flat space of about thirty or forty acres in extent are situated the beautiful gardens, in the middle of which stands the casino, or gambling house, a large and handsome building. We entered by ticket, on first presenting your card, not a usual proceeding, I believe; but in explanation I was told that this was probably done on the present occasion to keep out some objectionable person or persons known to be about. However, having got our ticket, for which there was no payment demanded, we entered a handsome ante-room, from which we passed into the rooms where the gaming-tables are. On first entering, I looked round upon the crowd of people passing and re-passing, consisting of persons of both sexes, of all ages,

in groups, in couples, talking, laughing, silent; some apparently with full purses, some with empty ones carried in the hand; some moving slowly, as if in thought, and calculating the chances, some quickly, some hurriedly and excitedly, as if smarting under their losses.

I then turned to the roulette-table, round which a row of persons were seated, and behind whom a double row were standing. There were old, grey-headed, wrinkled, toothless men, old women gaily dressed, and with elaborate head-gear, young men and young women, all staking their money, winning and losing, and accepting either result quietly and silently. I saw no excitement—perhaps any display of excitement at the table is forbidden—but on the old and elderly faces there was an expression of eager watchfulness; a smile would brighten up the face of a win-

ner, a frown would darken that of a loser, but not a word escaped their lips. The stakes did not appear to be heavy, as it was chiefly silver that was placed upon the table, with here and there an English sovereign or half-sovereign, or a French gold coin.

Turning from this, I entered the room where the card-tables stand, but the game was something unknown to me. I observed, however, that only gold and bank-notes were placed upon this table, and that evidently large sums were won and lost here. One young, good-looking woman was playing heavily; I saw her at one time stake a thousand francs, and at another she placed on the table two five-hundred franc notes and a number of large gold pieces. She lost on both occasions, and showed no disappointment as her notes and gold were raked away from

before her. A third time I saw her put down a large sum in both paper and gold, and this time she won, sweeping up notes and gold, and arranging them carelessly beside her, as if it were a matter of indifference to her whether she lost or won.

I was so absorbed in watching the players that I forgot to stake a sovereign myself, which I had intended to do, just that I might be able to say, 'I have played at Monte Carlo.'

As we were leaving the building, there were two ladies, one elderly and the other young (mother and daughter apparently), seated, with their arms round each other, in the ante-room, sobbing piteously. Doubtless they had been losers—perhaps they had staked and lost their last farthing. In another part of the room there was a lady crying bitterly, and pleading with a gentleman standing near

her (probably her husband) for money, *probably* that she might make another venture; but he stood before her shaking his head, and holding his open palm to her, as if firm in his refusal. I must confess, however, that I saw no greater signs of disappointment or distress; no wringing of hands, tearing of hair, gnashing of teeth; I did not hear even a muttered curse. Players were intent upon the games and the 'chances;' those that were weary, or maybe cleared out, were walking about, either to rest from the excitement, or to calculate how they were to raise funds for another chance to redeem their losses. Visitors were moving about; some observant, others indifferent; some smiling and chatting pleasantly, others silent and looking disapproval of the whole scene and of the whole performance.

I saw a young Englishman win a good

deal. He was quite a young fellow—not more than one-and-twenty—and evidently playing 'for a lark.' Probably, most probably it was the first time he had ever gambled. He staked a half-sovereign every time at roulette, and always won, taking up his winnings and pocketing them as if he thought it a good joke. It would have been far better for him to have lost; for winning at first might lead him on to be an habitual gambler in the future. At the same table, behind the row of chairs, stood a very young and pretty woman, who was also winning, and who appeared to enjoy the pleasure, or excitement, or whatever the feeling may be, immensely. It was probably her first visit to Monte Carlo, her first attempt at play; for she was too young to be a gambler.

I had seen enough, and came away,

thinking 'what a wretched amusement,' 'what a miserable excitement' it was. What fools people were to throw away their money thus! and thankful that I had never had inclination or opportunity to 'play.'

Tuesday, January 22nd.—In the evening our new friends came on board, and our good *old* friend B—— left us, on his return to England; and at five o'clock p.m. the *Ceylon* sailed for Naples.

CHAPTER IX.

CORSICAN LIGHT—ELBA AND MONTE CHRISTO—CORSICAN MOUNTAINS—AMERICANS ON BOARD—BAY OF NAPLES—VESUVIUS—THE CITY—CAPRI—ISCHIA—NAPLES—LAND AND VISIT MUSEUM—RELICS OF POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM—ANCIENT STATUARY—THE TOMB OF VIRGIL—THE ACQUARIUM—THE CHIAIA OR FASHIONABLE DRIVE—STREETS AND BEGGARS.

CHAPTER IX.

WEDNESDAY, January 23rd.—We have had a quiet night, so that one could hardly tell that we were sailing on the deep sea, so often troubled in this particular corner of the Mediterranean. Our party are all up, fresh and in happy mood, and ready to be pleased. Very early (four o'clock a.m.) we sighted the Corsican light, and now (nine o'clock) are threading our way between the islands of Pianosa, Elba, Monte Christo, and Giglio. In the distance, on our starboard quarter, are visible the magnificent mountains of Corsica, robed in snow, while in the still

further distance on our port-beam is indistinctly seen the mainland of classic Italy.

It is very delightful. We are steaming along as quietly as if we were on a river. There is scarcely a flaw of wind, and the sea is without a ripple, but clouds obscure the deep-blue, Mediterranean sky, and interfere with our view of land, for we cannot see perfectly the irregular outline, the deep valleys, and the rough, rocky ridges, which separate these, without sunshine.

We have several American ladies and gentlemen on board, who are going with us as far as Naples. They have travelled a great deal, are very intelligent and pleasant, and know much more about the Mediterranean than we do, and are very willing and ready to impart their knowledge and experience to us.

Elba appears to be a fine, bold, mountain island, and any man whose ambition was

not inordinate might be happy to accept it as a possession, if not a kingdom. Pianosa is perfectly flat and uninteresting, Monte Christo is pyramidal in form, rising abruptly from the water, and its sides are scarred and scored by deep rents and fissures, and Giglio, though possessing no striking scenery, consists of undulating mountain-land.

Thursday, January 24th.—Unfortunately, as we entered the Bay of Naples, heavy clouds obscured the view, and it was with a feeling of disappointment that I looked on the surrounding scenery which I had so often heard described as beautiful. We could, however, distinguish the prominent features of the bay even without sunshine. An amphitheatre of bold hills in which Vesuvius takes a prominent position, whose very summit, alas! is veiled in cloud to-day. In this amphitheatre, rising from

the very water, the city of Naples lies, extending far up the sides of the hills, and forming the centre of a very fine panorama, the whole overtopped on the east by Vesuvius with its extinct and active craters, its slopes and valleys enlivened by little villages, and at its base close to the sea the towns of Portice, Torre de Greco, Torre Annunciata, and Resina, this last built over the buried Herculaneum. Further to the east on the curve of the amphitheatre to the south-west, are the towns of Castellamare and Sorento, and the headland of Campanella, to the west of which, at a distance of not more than a mile, lies the little island of Capri, celebrated not only for its natural beauty, but as the retreat of the Roman Emperor, Tiberius, who, though the most powerful of living men, the absolute ruler of the whole world, over whose power there was no control,

to whose wealth there was no limit, and to whose pleasure there was no restraint; yet, weary of his power, regardless of his wealth, and indifferent to society, he fled from his palace and capital, deserted his subjects and his duties, and selected this little islet as his home, that there he might give himself up without restraint to the extreme gratification of luxury and licentiousness, but where he not only exhausted his ability to enjoy pleasure, but failed to find peace of mind, and lived in gloomy solitude, as we learn from his celebrated letter to the Roman senate. The north and west of the amphitheatre are formed by the hill and Cape of Posilipo, the island of Nicia, the town and gulf of Puzzioli (Puteoli, where the apostle of the Gentiles landed on his way to Rome), Cape Miseno, the island of Procida, and, to the extreme west, the beautiful island of Ischia, lately the scene

of the destructive earthquake which laid in ruins the town of Casamacciola, of which I shall speak in a separate chapter.

On rounding the small promontory of Castel d'Ovo, the *Ceylon* came to anchor within the Mole, and pratique having been obtained, and home letters received and read, we landed, and, forming little parties, proceeded to visit the several places and objects of interest in the city of Naples.

Colonel and Mrs. T——, Mr. S——, the Rev. M——, and self, as one party, first visited the museum, where all the relics recovered from Herculaneum and Pompeii are collected, consisting of statues, bronzes, mosaics, wall pictures, and engravings, of articles of pottery, household furniture, gems, surgical instruments, &c. The finest pieces of mosaic are the 'Triumph of Bacchus' and the 'Cave Canem,' this latter

representing a dog straining at his chain as if to attack. Amongst the statuary is a gigantic Hercules in marble, and many statues and statuettes in marble of women, with all of which we are familiar at home. There is also the group of the Farnese bull, a masterpiece of Greek sculpture. The whole group was originally one block of marble, representing two men tying a woman by her hair to the horns of a wild bull, while behind is another full-sized figure of a woman pleading for mercy for her sister-woman. Only portions of the different figures are ancient, for in its various removals the figures were injured and broken, and have been replaced by modern workmanship.

Numbers of artists were at work copying the wall-paintings recovered from Pompeii, and, though their copies are excellent, their prices are high.

From the museum we drove along the Strada di Roma to the aquarium, where, paying two francs, we were admitted. It is not a large aquarium, but contains a very fine collection of sea anemones, and several large specimens of the octopus. From this we drove to the tomb of Virgil, but, though I have a great admiration for the Œniad, I demurred at paying six francs to look at the possible resting-place of the author. Beyond the tomb is the tunnel cut by the Romans through the hill of Posilipo to the grotto of Puzzuoli.

From this we drove down to the Chiaia, a fashionable drive and promenade along the bay, where the Neapolitan *élite* and beauty take their evening drive and walk. There were many carriages in the drive, but the greater number occupied by men. The ladies we saw were not remarkable for beauty, and, except the very young, had a tendency to *embonpoint*. All seemed

to belong to the *noblesse*, for on every carriage we met there was a coronet.

The streets of Naples are paved with slabs of lava, consequently the noise made by the hundreds of little pony-carriages rattling over them is intolerable. The streets, with the exception of the one or two principal ones, are narrow, and those that run up-hill are steep and slippery.

Crowds of idle people throng the thoroughfares ; vendors of all sorts of things walk about uttering their peculiar street cries, and beggars abound, who, if you do not attend to their importunity, do not hesitate to attract your attention by touching you on the arm. They are easily rebuffed, and go away in good humour.

The houses are lofty, with flat roofs, and balconies projecting from the windows.

The sanitary condition of Naples I fear is neglected, for the smells are overpowering,

and altogether, like Constantinople, Naples looks best from the water and at a distance.

In the evening we returned to our ship for dinner, as we all consider that we fare better in the *Ceylon* than in the hotels on shore.

In the evening Vesuvius unveiled his summit, and, without noise audible to us at least, burst out into a dull red glow every quarter of an hour, this occasionally brightened up by numbers of little bright scintillations ; no flame was visible, only the dull red glow brightened by fiery sparks.

I have made arrangements to-night for the whole party to ascend Vesuvius to-morrow.

I have not attempted a lengthy or minute description of the museum of Naples, for to even mention everything contained in it—pictures, statues, bronzes, mosaics, relics,—would fill volumes, while I am writing only a little record of a two months' cruise.

CHAPTER X.

EN ROUTE FOR VESUVIUS—LONG STEEP DREARY ROAD—TRACES OF VEGETATION—LAVA BEDS—THE SOLITARY HUT—ITS HISTORY—THE OBSERVATORY—THE RAILWAY STATION—START FOR THE CONE—ARRIVAL—A SNOW-STORM—SULPHUROUS GAS—RENTS AND FISSURES IN CONE—EFFLORESCED SULPHUR—FREQUENT ERUPTIONS—GUIDE ALARMED—DASH FOR THE CRATER—STAND ON ITS BRINK.

CHAPTER X.

FRIDAY, January 25th.—We are favoured with a beautiful bright morning for our expedition—not a cloud visible, and Vesuvius stands above us in all his majesty, pouring forth great volumes of thick white smoke which the west wind blows clear away from his summit.

Our party, fourteen in number, landed after breakfast, and started at ten o'clock precisely en route for the fiery mountain, with a determination to reach the crater.

We had three large carriages with two horses in each (our agreement had been for three horses per carriage, but we had

no inclination to make a row or cause delay, as time was precious), and one small carriage with a pair of horses. These four vehicles accommodated our party comfortably.

We went off from the landing-place (where the carriages were ready waiting for us) in regular order, and after a drive of an hour through the insanitary suburbs, inhabited chiefly, I presume, by maccaroni merchants (for festoons of this universal article of Neapolitan food were artistically arranged on wooden frames standing before the doors, and attached even to the windows), turned off the main road or street, and commenced to ascend, very gradually at first between rows of poor shabby looking dwellings, occupied by dirty, unkempt, sallow men, women, and children, the number of the latter clear proof that the poor of Naples are at least rich in offspring. Emerging from

this squalid neighbourhood we drove along amongst extensive vineyards unlike any that I had hitherto seen. Here the vines are trained along light wooden frame-work in the open air just as we train our vines in hot-houses, while in Spain and Portugal, in South Africa and in the Crimea, the vines are trained and pruned like bushes, and cut down to the roots at the end of the season when the vintage is gathered in. In many parts of our route, and between the vineyards, were little plantations of fig-trees, and patches of ground covered with broad-leaved cactus.

But the ascent soon became steeper, so steep that our little horses could only drag us upward at a walk. Here we first came upon pieces of broken lava and quantities of pumice, amongst which grew coarse tufted grass, the familiar bramble, stunted broom, dwarf oak, and ragged

cactus. But we gradually passed beyond any trace of vegetation; got amongst large isolated masses of old lava, then crossed over beds of it, along deep hollows with high banks or ridges on either side, all black, broken, riven, contorted, heaped-up into great blocks, where, having cooled and hardened, it had been forced up, piled up in masses by the flow of liquid lava behind, all reminding me of an ice-bound river when the spring thaw sets in, and when the ice, rent and broken into great disjointed masses, is piled up into irregular, and often fantastic, heaps by the enormous and rapid pressure from above on the firm, resisting mass below.

In some places the lava had assumed the appearance of rolling waves, in others great flat masses were marked with little ripples, just such as one sees on the sands of the seashore made by the advance of

succeeding wavelets; in other places it seemed to have been arrested suddenly in its flow, and cooled into solid matter in the very form in which it had been moving as a liquid.

We drove through several miles of this dark, weird, gloomy scene, nothing around us or near but the black lava, on whose barren surface was no sign or sound of life, except one solitary hut, but which had escaped destruction when everything else had been swept away. The story of this little human habitation is as follows:

A stream of liquid lava pouring down the mountain side had swept everything before it, and had almost reached the back-wall of this little hut when it was suddenly arrested, divided into two streams—one passing on either side—but uniting again as one large stream a little further on, it continued its destructive course,

and left only this solitary hut untouched. The grateful owner thought, or said, it was an instance of the efficacy of prayer; for when he saw the coming danger, he invoked the Virgin's pity and protection, and in answer to his fervent prayer she had stayed the lava flow miraculously, and saved his life and property. Strange if he were the only man who prayed, and unfortunate that devotion and petition had not been more universal on the occasion!

Two hours after starting, we arrived at the Observatory. This institution has been placed there simply for the purpose of watching and noting the freaks of the volcano, and to warn the dwellers in the villages on the slopes and in the valleys at the base of the mountain, and also the inhabitants of Resina, Naples, &c., of probable danger. Those who make their

abode on this bleak, dangerous spot must be either well-paid servants, or so enthusiastic in their devotion to scientific pursuits as to be regardless of comfort and devoid of fear.

At the observatory commences the road made by the railway company, and here we had to show our tickets. This done, we drove on rapidly over a level road cut along the side of the mountain through the lava-bed. It was a continuation of dreary blackness, for the surface, though less broken and rugged, was covered over with pieces of lava, scoriæ, and fine ashes, the latter lately ejected from the crater. In half an hour we reached the railway station, a wooden building larger and more commodious than I expected to find it, and with a fairly good restaurant.

It had been very cold during the latter part of our drive, and we had seen with

concern that heavy clouds were coming up from the south-east, and that a dense mist was gradually creeping up the side of Vesuvius. We watched these signs with jealous eyes, but at the same time gradually reconciled ourselves to the probability of a little disappointment, though still resolved to carry out our programme.

On arriving at the station, and alighting from our carriages, we found that the rain had commenced, and was likely to continue, and that a dense mist enveloped the top of the mountain, shrouding it from sight completely. Well, there was nothing to be done but submit to adverse circumstances, and go on with our pleasure excursion even in the rain, with that patience which Englishmen generally exhibit in their own charming but changeable climate. Still further to show our nationality and our home-training, we

thought it advisable—nay, incumbent on us to eat the lunch which we had prudently brought with us, not knowing that there was a restaurant up here in the clouds. This done, and our cigars lighted, we took our seats in the open car—ten at a time—and were drawn slowly up the very steep—I do not know at what angle—side of the mountain by means of a wire rope worked by steam, one car ascending while the other descended.

We got on all right, though it did look rather risky, and in about a quarter of an hour reached the terminus, a wooden shed at the foot of the cone. On alighting, we found that a strong, piercingly cold wind was blowing, and that snow was falling heavily, which, as it fell on the hot surface, ascended in clouds of steam, which at one moment lifted off suddenly, and at the next enveloped us in a dense shroud

of vapour. The guides met us here, and each party of four secured one. My party consisted of five, and, placing ourselves under the guidance and at the mercy of an old fellow, experienced and trustworthy, if one could judge from his grey locks, commenced the final, most difficult, and most dangerous part of the ascent.

Three Americans (one gentleman and two pretty girls or young women), who had come up in the same car with us, pluckily led the way, but gave in before they had gone far, unwilling to face the cold, boisterous wind, the driving snow, and the dense clouds of vapour, mixed with the stifling sulphurous gas, or perhaps unable to walk over the hot shifting ashes, and the pieces of rough, sharp, broken lava.

Even we men had occasionally to turn our backs to the driving snow, to stand

still while enveloped in an impenetrable cloud of vapour, and at the same time almost choked by the strong, pungent, sulphurous gas which, mixed with fine ashes, was pouring out of vent-holes and fissures all round us. I put my hand down to the orifice of one of these fissures, but the blast that issued from it was so hot that I had to draw it quickly back again. The scoriæ and ashes under foot were quite hot, and every here and there we came upon large patches of effloresced sulphur, quite warm to the touch.

At last, after a sharp struggle against wind, and snow, and vapour, we got to within a dozen yards of the crater, on the windward side of it, fortunately; when the guide declared that in such a high wind, with snow falling so thick and fast, and such clouds of vapour rolling round

us, it would be dangerous to approach nearer; besides, as he further said, the great furnaces beneath us were in a state of fierce activity, as could be heard from the deep rumbling far below, the rushing noise that accompanied the volumes of thick, pungent smoke that rolled heavily to leeward, brightened by showers of large, red-hot masses of lava, which, during a roar like thunder, were hurled into the air, and fell around us, some large enough to hurt one. But we scorned the fact of there being danger; we had not taken so much trouble, undergone so much fatigue, defied the wind and the snowstorm, even the choking sulphurous gas, and got so near the desired goal, to turn our backs to danger, merely because the old man was afraid, or said that there was danger, to extract an additional franc as an inducement to go on.

We were determined to see the end, to stand on the very brink of the crater, and to look down into the fiery gulf; so told the old guide that, if he feared to lead, we should go on without him. We then arranged ourselves in a row, a few feet apart from each other, and about ten yards below the crater, leaning forward ready for a rush, and waiting till an eruption should take place, so as to avoid the danger of falling red-hot lava. Thus we stood for a few seconds, T—— a little in front, the others of us close behind; when we heard the hoarse rumbling far below, followed by the rushing blast, as a great volume of smoke burst forth, bringing with it a cloud of fiery, scintillating masses, which fell around and amongst us. Then we made our dash; but it was hard work, for the foothold was bad, the loose lava, scoriæ, and ashes

so deep and shifting that we only advanced by inches, and slipped back almost as fast as we advanced. But we *did* it; and the guide followed for very shame. At last we stood on the very edge of the crater, and looked down into the black depth; but, alas, we saw no fiery furnace, no tossing waves of liquid, molten lava; nothing but a great black gulf, filled with dark, rolling, eddying smoke, which concealed the depth below. What a disappointment! But hark! as we stand there we hear the loud growling beneath us, the rushing noise coming nearer, nearer, reverberating through the deep cavern, and then, bursting from the crater with a roar, came volumes of smoke and a shower of brilliant, red-hot pieces of lava, some of which fell back into the crater, some amongst us, and some far beyond where we stood; one fell at my very feet,

one struck a companion on the arm, but, fortunately, did not injure him.

It was hardly prudent to remain there longer, especially as we could not see down into the crater, and were certainly in a dangerous position; so with disappointment and regret, but with a feeling of triumph at having succeeded so far, we turned and made the descent faster than we had accomplished the ascent of course. Like others who ascend Vesuvius, we brought away pieces of lava which we had seen ejected from the crater and into which we had inserted coins while it was still hot and soft; and collected pieces of hot sulphur and other specimens as mementoes of our ascent of the celebrated volcanic mountain.

Judging by the arc of the circle that I saw, I should think the diameter of the crater is about thirty or forty feet.

CHAPTER XI.

START FOR ISCHIA—BRIGHT SUNSHINE—VIEW OF NAPLES—VESUVIUS UNVEILED—THE COAST—ISCHIA AND ITS HISTORY—MOUNT EPOMEUS—EXTINCT VOLCANOES—HOT SPRINGS—THE EARTHQUAKE—RUIN AND DESOLATION—WALK ROUND THE TOWN—THE GUIDE AND HIS DESCRIPTION—THE BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—THE RETURN VOYAGE—BEAUTIFUL EVENING.

CHAPTER XI.

SATURDAY, January 26th.—With the assistance of the agents I made arrangements last night for a small steamer to take our whole party to Ischia and back to-day, and this morning at eight o'clock a tidy little craft came alongside the *Ceylon* ready for the day's excursion.

Punctually at ten a.m. the whole party consisting of twenty gentlemen and four ladies embarked on board our little vessel in excellent spirits, for it was a lovely day, bright sunshine undimmed by even a passing cloud; the air soft and balmy;

and just wind enough to ripple the surface of the sea and blow our smoke to leeward. Never did the sun shine more brightly, never was weather more favourable for a party bent on sight-seeing and enjoyment.

As we steamed out into the bay, we had a perfect view of the whole magnificent panorama. On our left in the distance were Capri, Sorrento, and Castellamare; behind us the lovely city spread over its *seven* hills, dominated by the gloomy fortress of San Elmo, but enlivened by its picturesque palaces, cathedral, churches, and convents, with their graceful domes and spires; while in the distant background, frowning upon all around and beneath it stood out clear and distinct the great volcanic mountain, pouring forth dense volumes of both white and black smoke which, floating clear of the summit,

formed a great mass of cloud that rolled slowly away to eastward.

The coup-d'œil was magnificent, repaid me for my first disappointment, and enabled me to appreciate the saying, 'See Naples and die.' However, one must see it from the water and at a distance.

Our course was close along the northern shore of the bay; past the beautiful promontory of Posilipo with its villas, gardens, grottoes, and turreted buildings; round the Cape of Posilipo, whose extreme point is called the Rock of Virgil, and near to which is the entrance to the tunnel of Sejanus; then along the little island of Nisida with its lazaret between it and the mainland, and its prison on its summit; from thence across the bay of Puzzeoli, along whose curved shore lie, nestling close down to the water, the little town of Bagnoli, once famous for its mineral baths;

and near it Puzzeoli, illustrious in ancient times for its commercial wealth, its amphitheatre, its temples, grottoes, and rock-hewn baths; then an old castle standing prominently out and above the ruins of the ancient Baia, formerly the Brighton of Naples, and the summer retreat of the patrician families of Rome; then round Cape Misenum with its lighthouse; then on to Procida with its vines and olives, its dockyard, and its castle—now a prison; then up the Canal of Ischia (as it is called), past the castle and town of Ischia, the village of Bagno, round to Casamacciola, where in a little open bay we drop our anchor.

Ischia, formerly called Pythecuse and also Inarime, is the largest island in the vicinity of Naples, and remarkable for its fertility, delightful climate, and hot mineral waters, which (the waters) have during

many years brought invalid visitors to its shores.

The island was and is famous for its pottery works (hence the name of Pythecuse), and for its pleasant wines. Its history is marked by a series of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes extending as far back as 500 years, B.C., about which date its earliest inhabitants fled in terror from the eruptions of Mount Epomeus, beneath which mountain, as the poets tell us, lies in confinement the giant Typhœus. Mount Epomeus, 2,450 feet in height, is in the centre of the island, and, though not active now, is a much more ancient volcano than Vesuvius.

At its base twelve volcanic cones can be counted, from which the beds of lava and scoriæ found in the vicinity of Mount Epomeus and in different parts of the island must have been ejected. Since the

time of Titus, however, when Vesuvius resumed its activity, the volcanoes of Ischia have been inactive.

The island has been famous for its hot mineral baths from its earliest history, and no portion of the world now possesses such a number of hot springs, the waters of which contain muriates, sulphates, and carbonates of soda; also magnesia, lime, potash, sulphur, and free carbonic acid. It is supposed that these hot springs have so honeycombed the island, that the surface is only a thin crust which may sink in at any moment.

In 1880 a violent shock of an earthquake destroyed the old village of Casamacciola, situated at a higher altitude than the present (or late) town of that name. Again, in July, 1882, at midnight, without previous warning, another violent shock of earthquake was felt all over the island, but

with greatest intensity at Casamacciola. In a moment the town was completely destroyed, every building rent, unroofed, shattered, or thrown down, and numbers of the inhabitants buried beneath the ruins.

It was to see this ruin and desolation that we made our excursion to Ischia.

Looked at from the deck of our little vessel, Casamacciola is picturesquely-situated; partly on the shore, and partly on the slopes of the hills, which enclose a narrow valley that lies under the shadow of Mount Epomeus. This valley and encircling hills appeared to be well wooded and richly cultivated, but their beauty is marred by the wreck of human habitations on the high ground, in and around which there seemed to be no life. Even in the lower part of the town, few persons moved about, and only two or

three fishing boats came off to us, expectant of a harvest out of the Englishman, in which they succeeded.

We landed about 1.30 p.m., put the ladies and several of our party into small, rickety carriages drawn by ponies, mounted others upon mules, and the rest of us, having secured a guide, set out on foot to walk round and see the wreck of what had but lately been a thriving town and fashionable resort. We found the town a mass of ruin; not a single house had escaped the terrible shock. Some were levelled to the ground; the walls of others still standing were so rent and shattered that they might fall at any moment; and every roof had fallen in. The church had completely disappeared; only a heap of rubbish left to point where it had stood. Hotels and boarding-houses had withstood the shock, but it was unsafe

to enter them; the bathing establishments were destroyed, and the stream of hot mineral water which had supplied the baths was flowing, rippling down the valley, its course marked by the vapour given off from it. Our guide pointed out and named the different buildings, and told us how many persons had perished under each, and pointed to the many graves into which the mangled bodies, as they were recovered from beneath the débris, had been hastily interred, each one marked by a little wooden cross; took us to the spot where his own house had stood, and counted on his fingers how many of his family—father, mother, brother, sisters—had perished; and explained how he alone had escaped by having been in the garden when the sudden and destroying shock had occurred.

It was a terrible scene of ruin and

desolation, and yet surrounded by all that was grand and beautiful in nature. Behind the town was a smiling valley, watered by a mountain stream, well cultivated, and rich in fruit-trees and vineyards; and the sloping hill-sides beyond were covered with a forest of young oak. On our way back, we ran close along shore to look at the little town of Ischia, the capital of the island, and at the Castle of Ischia, situated upon the top of a huge rock that has been united to the island by a causeway.

By this time the declining sun warned us to turn *homewards*, as we always spoke of the good ship *Ceylon;* and, as our little vessel steamed steadily but slowly over the quiet bay, the great luminary slowly disappeared from view beneath the western horizon, in a perfect halo of glory, which gradually faded from the most brilliant

colours to sombre hues, until darkness closed around us, to be dispelled, however, by the succeeding soft, subdued light of innumerable stars which shone in the great vault above, and by the pale, silvery brightness of the evening star, which cast its rays in one long line of light across the waters.

To our left the lighthouse on Cape Misenum threw its fitful light across our path, in the distance ahead of us sparkled and twinkled the lights of Naples, and high in mid-heaven glowed the deep red glare from the summit of Vesuvius.

Our little expedition, as kindly acknowledged by the whole party, had been a success, and a vote of thanks was unanimously given to the promoter and organiser of it.

We got alongside of the *Ceylon* in time for dinner, during which, and in the even-

ing after, our conversation turned upon the great beauty of the Bay of Naples and surrounding scenery when seen under the favourable circumstances of calm weather, blue skies, and bright sunshine; on the classical history of each town and island we had passed during our day's voyage; on the beauty of the island of Ischia itself; and on the ruin and desolation which but yesterday, as it were, had fallen upon it suddenly, and which we had witnessed with our own eyes.

The people of Casamacciola who have survived the calamity appear to be afraid to rebuild their town as substantially as it was before the earthquake, but are erecting houses which will be likely to withstand future shocks.

CHAPTER XII.

SUNDAY—START FOR POMPEII—PORTA DEL MARINA—MUSEUM—HUMAN BODIES—TEMPLES—FORUM—BASILICA—BATHS—PRIVATE HOUSES—STREETS AND SHOPS—WALL PAINTINGS—STATUES—THE AMPHITHEATRE—THEATRES—EXCAVATING STILL—THE SKELETON IN SITU—CHURCH IN NAPLES—EXQUISITE STATUARY—SAIL FOR PALERMO.

CHAPTER XII.

JANUARY 27th.—This is Sunday, but time is limited, and, therefore, we must make the most of it.

After breakfast, five of us—Colonel and Mrs. T——, Mr. S——, Mr. M——, and myself—started on a visit to Pompeii. On landing from the ship, we at once got into a carriage, drove to the railway station, and there took tickets for Torre Annunziata, one of the small suburban towns of Naples. On arrival at this little town, we again took carriage and drove to Pompeii, distant about a couple of miles.

We entered the ruined city by the Porta

del Marina, a handsome vaulted gateway, on the right of which stands the museum, in which are arranged many relics found during the *exhumation* of the buried city, such as vessels of classic pattern, earthen jars and basins, skeletons of men and women, and of animals also, kitchen utensils, carbonized loaves, and several marble statues; also, under glass cases, a ghastly row of human skeletons, covered and filled up with plaster of Paris, so as to show the complete body lying in the very positions in which they had been found, all bearing evidence, more or less, of intense suffering before death; and there is the body of a dog under one of the cases, so contorted as to show that it must have died in horrible fear and agony.

Leaving the museum we passed along the Strada del Marina, a paved street, and, turning to the left, entered the Temple of

Venus, a large court surrounded by a number of broken columns, partly Doric and partly Corinthian in style, and in the centre of which stood the little temple with its altar. From this temple we entered the Basilica, on the right hand side of the Strada Marina.

This must have been a large edifice; at one end of it stands the remains of the tribune for the judges or the Duumviri, around which are still seen shattered remnants of columns, and beneath which are two small chambers, by some supposed to have been *lock-ups*, by others dressing-rooms for the judges or pleaders.

We then passed over to the Forum, a large oblong space, which served, during the existence of the city, as a place of public resort and as courts of law. It was originally paved with marble slabs, and adorned with statues and columns, the

remains of which and of a noble arch are still standing. At one extremity of the Forum, and close to the Basilica, from both of which they are separated by streets, are three small halls—the tribunals or council halls; and at the other extremity (of the Forum) is the Temple of Jupiter. Separated by a street from these tribunals is a large, open space supposed to have been the site of a public school, and opposite to this, but separated from it by another street (Strada dell' Abbondanza) is the Chalcidium, built by the Priestess Eumachia, and dedicated by her in the first instance to 'Concord,' but subsequently to 'Piety,' in homage to Livia, widow of Augustus.

This is a large space surrounded by broken porticoes and remnants of marble columns; and around its base are a number of small recesses or chambers supposed,

from paintings of the owl on the walls, to have been used as workshops by fullers. In a niche stands a statue of Eumachia, but not the original statue which is in the museum at Naples. Next to this is the Temple of Mercury, in the middle of which stands a marble altar with bas-reliefs representing a sacrificial scene. At present this court is closed by an iron gate, as in it are stored many objects and articles found during the excavations, such as capitals, portions of statues and statuettes, fragments of sculptured marble, vases, earthenware, etc.

Next to this is the Curia, a hall (or atrium) in which it is supposed the magistrates or municipal council assembled. Beyond this is the Temple of Augustus, also called the Pantheon or Temple of Vesta. In the middle of this court is a space where stood an altar, and within

which are twelve lesser altars, supposed to have been dedicated to the twelve principal divinities; at the end of this space is a pedestal on which the statue of Augustus stood, and in a niche on either side of this now stand the statues of Livia and her son Drusus, but not the original statues, however. On the left of the court is the sanctuary in which sacrifices were offered, and on the right the banqueting-hall, or Triclinium, where feasts were given by the priests in honour of Augustus.

Opposite to this (and 'at one extremity of the Forum') is the Temple of Jupiter, raised on a platform, to which two small flights of stone steps lead to the main or central stair (also of stone) which leads to the vestibule, around which stand the remains of columns; and beneath the shrine of the divinity are three small, vaulted rooms—probably intended for the

priests—on the walls of which now grows an abundant crop of maidenhair fern. On the left, a small stone-staircase leads to the upper part of the wall, from whence there is a good view of the city of Pompeii.

Leaving this temple by the Forum Street, at the end of which is the small Temple of Fortune, we found ourselves in the Strada delle Terme (street of the bath), and turning at once to the left, entered the public baths, an immense establishment. The first room is the waiting or undressing-room, a large hall, with marble floor, and marble seats round it, and arched masonry roof, part of which is still uninjured. Opening off this is another handsome room (the Frigidarium, or cold room) the vaulted ceiling of which is still in a state of good preservation, encrusted with stucco, and adorned with bas-reliefs of little cupids. Here is seen

in an almost perfect condition the bronze pipe by which water was let into the room. On the right of this room is the Tepidarium, or warm bath, the vaulted ceiling of which is partly destroyed. This room was heated by means of a large bronze brazier (still there) and by means of hot-air pipes, which are still to be seen in the walls. Beyond this again is another room, the Sudatorium, or sweating-bath, the floor of which is in mosaic, the walls hollow and perforated by many holes, as is also the floor, for the admission of hot air. Near the public baths is the house of the poet Pansa, on the threshold of which was found the mosaic of the chained dog (the 'Cave Canem' which I alluded to in speaking of the museum at Naples), and on the walls of which are many paintings still in good preservation, though exposure to the air and rain

has dimmed the brightness of the colours. In all the private dwellings which we visited we observed the same style of wall-painting; some of the pictures interesting, some amusing, but many indelicate, showing a loose state of morality amongst the inhabitants of the city.

In almost all the houses the same style of architecture and internal arrangement had been followed. There is the Atrium, or hall, with cubicula, or sleeping apartments, on each side for the domestics, and in the centre a large basin, the impluvium, for the reception of rain-water from the roof, and where visitors were first received. Next to this is the Perystilium with its fountain and flower-beds, and adorned with statues, busts, and marble carving, and on two sides of it little dormitories, all for the private use of the family. Beyond this (Perystilium) are the

Triclinium, or dining-room, the Tablinium, or reception or drawing-room, the Œcus, or ladies' boudoir (in which pictures of a questionable character are seen), the library, picture-gallery, the lalarium, or shrine of the Lares and the bath, and in rear of the house the garden.

From the neighbourhood of the public baths we retraced our steps, walked down the Strada della Fortuna, and turning into the Strada de Stabiæ inspected the Terme di Stabiæ (the Stabian baths) intended for both sexes. That for the men begins at a large open court which served as a Palœstra for wrestlers and gymnasts, on one side of which is the plunge bath, and on the other the following rooms, viz., the Vestibule, or dressing (undressing) room; the Frigidaria, or cold baths; the Apodyterium, or warm or vapour bath, with double walls and floor, both perfor-

ated to give entrance to heated air or steam from pipes fitted into the walls and floor. Beyond these is the women's bath, also a number of small private baths, and baths for the poorer class, and a '*Cloaca*' of very simple construction. The floor of the first room is of marble, of the second of tile and mosaic work, and part of the vaulted roof still remains.

All these bathing establishments show how much care was bestowed by the Romans and other contemporary people upon the bath, not as a luxury only, but as a necessity, for even the poorer classes of the community.

From the baths we passed on to the Temple of Isis. The raised platform on which the sanctuary and statue of the goddess stood is still seen, and behind it a secret passage leading to a small cell where the officiating priest could place

himself unseen behind the statue of Isis, and pronounce her oracles.

We next visited the theatre, the triangular forum, and the barracks of the gladiators, in which when opened up a number of skeletons were found. From this we passed on to the amphitheatre which is very perfect, oval in form, and with its stone seats rising tier above tier, the whole capable of seating twelve thousand spectators.

The streets of the city are narrow, all are paved with slabs of lava, which in many places are deeply grooved by chariot and cart wheels. The side pavements are raised a foot above the streets, paved with lava generally, but in front of the dwelling-houses with slabs of marble or mosaic work. At the street corners are rows of large flat stepping-stones, and in the marble steps in front of dwelling-houses, and

even in the doorposts, holes are bored for the purpose of fastening up the horses of visitors.

The shops are in remarkable preservation. Counters of masonry work, coated with many small squares of marble and different coloured jasper, still stand uninjured; many of them with large earthenware jars, for holding oil or wine, built into them, just as one sees at the present day in the shops of an Indian bazaar. Drinking fountains stand in many of the streets, and the edge of the basin, where people rested the hand when they leant down to drink, is worn away rounded and smooth.

Besides the temple of Mercury, two other houses are closed and kept locked, one, in which have been collected all the wall paintings that are not fit for general inspection, and which women are

not admitted to see at all; the other, in which is lying a skeleton in the very position and spot in and on which death had occurred, probably instantaneously. It lies in a little recess in the wall, from the shape of which and from the position of the remains, the man or woman, whichever it was, must have been smothered while asleep in bed.

Excavating is still going on, and it is supposed that the best part of the city is still buried.

Monday, January 28th.—To-day, with my friends, Colonel and Mrs. T——, Mr. S——, and Mr. M——, we went on shore, purchased some coral ornaments, for which Naples is famous, a number of photos of Pompeii, &c., and other mementoes of our visit, and finally visited the church of St. Severo, in which are exquisite works of art. The most remarkable of

these is a marble statue representing the fallacy of worldly vanity, as figured in a man enveloped in a net, and struggling to free himself; opposite to which is a beautiful statue of a woman representing modesty, and in a little chapel the celebrated figure of the Dead Christ, wrapped in a sheet, through which the perfect symmetry of the body is seen.

The weather has been boisterous all day, with heavy showers of rain, and away to the south-west black clouds and vivid flashes of lightning, followed by the low growl of distant thunder, warn us to expect rough weather during the night. We sail to-night, however.

CHAPTER XIII.

STORM AT NIGHT—'CEYLON' BEHAVES WELL—PALERMO HARBOUR—SCENERY—CITY—CONCHO DORO—CATHEDRAL—MONREALE—CATHEDRAL AND CLOISTERS—CAPUCCINI CONVENT—SUBTERRANEAN CORRIDORS—THE VAST GOLGOTHA—ADVICE TO VISITORS—THE PALACE—THE CAPELLA PALATINA—LEAVE PALERMO.

CHAPTER XIII.

TUESDAY, January 29th.—Yesterday afternoon we left the Bay of Naples, passed between the mainland and the Island of Capri, and then out into the open sea, *en route* for Palermo, the next stage in our cruise.

We had a very rough night of it indeed, the first really rough weather that we have had since we left Southampton. The wind, half a gale, blew on our starboard quarter, and this, with a head sea, made the good ship pitch and roll *unpleasantly.*

I know nothing more disagreeable than heavy weather at night. During the day

one can remain on deck and see what is going on, and, even if one cannot pace the deck, one can at least stand and steady oneself by a rope, and thus, for those who like it, watch the angry waves as they come rolling majestically on, either to break into a sheet of foam, that seethes and hisses as it rushes under the ship's counter, or to strike with a thud against her side, making her quiver from stem to stern, rolling her over to leeward, and deluging the deck with a flood of water.

Ah, nothing is more beautiful than the ocean in an angry mood, and a good ship, well trimmed and handled, battling with the tempest. How gracefully she rises to the coming wave, how nobly she breasts it; what a plunge she takes into the great hollow beyond, cleaving the water right and left, and churning it into a sheet of foam that sparkles and shines with the

brilliancy of fire, and, as she rolls deeply in the trough of the sea, how easily she seems to recover herself, in spite of the great weight of masts and spars which sweep so heavily from side to side! One can almost feel that there is life in every motion of a ship.

But at night one loses all this pleasure and excitement, and if obliged to remain below, the roar of the wind, the hurried tread of men on deck, every thud of a mountain wave, every tremor of the ship, the fetching-way of things above, the smashing of china below—things which are not noticed by day—all sound loud and dismal by night; and if one is not a good sailor and has to take refuge in his berth, what misery awaits him there! Do what he may, assume any position he will, there is no sleep, no comfort for him; but as the ship rolls, his body sways from

side to side also, no matter how he squares his elbows; and when she pitches heavily, his heels go higher than his head, to the imminent danger of his neck.

Towards morning wind and sea went down, and as we neared the coast of Sicily we ran into smooth water, and by breakfast time were off the harbour, which opens to the north, and is formed by an artificial breakwater on the west, and by a ridge of rugged hills that curves round on the east. On entering, we were berthed on the west side, letting go two anchors at the bow, and making fast astern by a couple of hawsers. If the scenery around Naples is more extensive and more beautiful, that around Palermo is grander and more majestic. The city stands close to the water, with a magnificent plain behind it, five miles long by three broad, covered with orange and lemon groves—

hence called 'concho doro'—and encircled by a chain of bold, rugged mountains, commencing with the rocky Mount Pellegrino on the left, from which a mass of mountain sweeps round, and terminates in a rocky point on the right (the natural breakwater of the harbour). Beyond this in the distance rises a lofty snow-clad range, in which Etna is seen distinctly from the summit of Mount Pellegrino.

The city is modern, the houses lofty and well built, many faced with marble and with handsome marble pillars at the doors, the streets wide and open, paved with square slabs of unpolished marble, while the pavements are of polished marble. The people are good-looking, well-dressed, and busy, though in the fashionable streets there appear to be many idlers of both sexes.

The cathedral is a most imposing build-

ing, a noble pile of mixed construction, portions dating as far back as the twelfth century. In architectural style it is partly Gothic and partly Saracenic or Moorish, and even Græco Italian. It was erected by an Englishman (Archbishop Walter of the Mill) between 1169-85, and stands on the site of an ancient church, which was converted into a mosque, and afterwards re-converted into a Christian church. The building and ground in front of it form a square, the cathedral being one side of it; the other three sides being railed-in and adorned with marble statues of bishops and other ecclesiastics.

The south entrance to the noble edifice is beautiful, and consists of three Gothic arches. Within it is plain, lofty, and has a dome where the aisle and transept meet. In one corner are four sarcophagi entirely in porphyri, with canopies of beautiful

mosaic work supported on handsome pillars. These contain the remains of four Sicilian monarchs—Roger, his daughter Constance, Henry VI., and Frederick II. There are also two marble tombs of queens, beautifully executed in white marble, and, besides these, some very fine specimens of marble sculpture in different parts of the building. The body of Sta. Rosalie, the patron saint of Palermo also lies in the cathedral.

She was the daughter of William II., commonly called the '*good*,' and from motives of piety immured herself in a grotto on Mount Pellegrino, where she died. Four hundred years afterwards the petrified body was found in the grotto and brought from thence to Palermo with great pomp, during the prevalence of a pestilence in the city. Her gracious presence arrested the terrible disease, and

from *that* time she has been the accepted patron saint of Palermo.

In the grotto where she lived and died a shrine has been erected, and enriched with precious gifts, and in front of the grotto is a recumbent figure in marble of the saintly maiden.

From the city to the grotto a zig-zag path has been made on the side of the hill, to enable the piously inclined to ascend with ease, for the purpose of paying their tribute to the memory of the saint, or to her marble representative.

From the cathedral four of us, Mr. M——, Mr. S——, Dr. L——, and myself, drove out to Monreale, a town or village on the mountain-side, about from five to seven miles distant from the city.

During our drive both out and back we had a good view of the concho doro, and of Palermo and its encircling hills, but it

was startling, or perhaps I should rather say reassuring, to learn that the Bersaglieri, whom we saw on sentry every few hundred yards along the road, was there to protect passers-by from the brigands. In former days it was no uncommon thing for travellers to be caught and robbed by brigands on this very road, and occasionally murder was committed by them, and in one part of the road we saw a little wooden cross erected, to mark the spot where a murder *had been* committed.

The Cathedral of Monreale, in the form of a Latin cross with three apses, was built in the twelfth century and is a mixture of Gothic and Saracenic architecture. The entrance doors are of bronze adorned with relics of scenes from sacred history. The vaulting of the nave is supported by eighteen columns of polished grey granite with exquisitely carved capitals of white marble

and the transept is borne by four pillars. The floor of the nave is of white marble, the lower part of the walls is encrusted with white marble inlaid with coloured marbles, cornelian and agates, and the upper part of the walls of nave, aisle, and transept are enriched with mosaics in three rows, the upper representing scenes in the life of our Saviour, and the two lower, scenes from the lives of apostles and saints. The roof or ceiling is in the Arabic style and is painted dark red picked out with black and gold.

In the right transept is the porphyry sarcophagus of a king. In the north aisle is some very fine carving in relief on wood; and here also is the chapel of the crucifixion, the floor of which is in mosaic, the walls of different kinds of marble inlaid with cornelian and agate, and the ceiling adorned with the most exquisite marble

tracery. In the ante-chamber of this chapel are full-sized marble figures of the four great prophets, standing against mosaic drapery.

After examining the interior of the building we ascended to the top of the tower, from which we had a splendid view of mountain, plain, and city, and of the deep blue sea beyond; after descending we walked through the ruins of the extensive cloisters which adjoin the cathedral.

There, are two hundred and sixteen columns of Saracenic design, in pairs. All the capitals are different, and the mosaic work still remaining in the arches is very fine.

On our way back to the city we called at the Cappuccini convent, to see the subterranean corridors, in which are deposited (stored, I might say) the desiccated bodies of the former wealthy inhabitants of

Palermo. Each corridor is about a couple of hundred feet long, arched over, broad, well lighted and ventilated, and paved with stone. On both sides of the corridor are long boxes or coffins, with glass tops or sides, piled one above the other, each one of which contains a dead human body; a ghastly skeleton, with just enough shrivelled skin covering the bones to give it a semblance of humanity.

The bodies are clothed from head to foot, some in finery—silks, satins, and brocades, with kid gloves and satin shoes—and others in dresses of humbler material. There lie the sire and matron clad in garments of sombre hue; the virgin in her robe of white with tinsel crown upon her head, and faded lilies in her hand; and, beside her, the little infant, swathed in its long garment of white muslin or linen, and laced cap covering its little head.

Above these piles of coffins hang, either by the neck or waist, rows of hideous skeletons partially covered with parchment skin, and all dressed exactly alike in dark cotton clothes, horrible to look at, the withered faces grinning, scowling, smiling even in death; presenting terrible, humorous, or ludicrous likenesses to the living.

In many of the coffins photographs of the poor departed have been deposited, from which the passing visitor may in imagination clothe the dry, dead bones with the manly grace or feminine beauty which they had possessed in life. Must all come to this at last, and shall we, too, look like these mouldering skeletons?

What comfort it can afford the friends and relations to visit these vaults and look upon the ghastly remains of those they loved in life it is impossible to understand, or what satisfaction it can give to the

living to think that their own poor bodies may be exposed to view in this chamber of the dead, I cannot conceive.

For my own part, though I have often seen the dead in hundreds, nay, in thousands, on the battle-field, I fled, as soon as my companions would follow me, from the horrible sights of this vast Golgotha.

The manner in which the desiccation is effected is as follows. The bodies are interred in a sealed pit in the cemetery for a year, when they are exhumed, dressed, and either enclosed in a coffin or hung up on the walls. There is, I understand, something peculiar in the soil where the bodies are placed which dries without destroying the skin and flesh.

There are eight thousand bodies in the corridors at present, but it is understood that the government has prohibited any further addition to the number, and it is

hoped that this is a first step towards the closing of these chambers of horror.

I advise all visitors to Palermo to avoid the horrible sights of this vast tomb.

Wednesday, January 30th.—To-day the same party paid a visit to the royal palace, attached to which is the Capella Palatina, the greatest object of beauty in Palermo. It is a mixture of Norman and Saracenic architecture and embellishment. The floor is mosaic-work; the pillars are alternately of porphyry and granite, with beautiful marble capitals, and the walls and spaces between the pointed arches are covered with mosaics on a gold ground, representing scenes from both Old and New Testaments. The pulpit and altar-rail are formed of slabs of porphyry, with marble mountings and inlaid work. Standing by the pulpit is a marble monolith, with a flat vase supported on four small figures, intended origin-

ally for a lamp, but now only ornamental. The cathedral at Monreale is grander, but this is more beautiful and wonderful as a work of art and labour.

We were shown round a part of the palace, but, after seeing the chapel, the palace even of a king seemed common and insignificant.

CHAPTER XIV.

LEAVE PALERMO — LIPARI ISLANDS — STROMBOLI— ETNA — STRAITS OF MESSINA—GRAND SCENERY—SCILLA AND CHARYBDIS—COAST LINES—ETNA IN THE DISTANCE—CORFU—ALBANIAN COAST—SNOWY RANGE—BEAUTIFUL HARBOUR—TOWN OF CORFU—DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES —PICNIC IN ALBANIA—DUKE OF SUTHERLAND.

CHAPTER XIV.

THURSDAY, January 31st.—We left Palermo last night, and at six o'clock a.m. this morning were passing the Lipari, known in classic history as the Lipari and Œolian Islands, so called from two kings, Liparus and Œolus.

The sun had not risen, not a breath of air was stirring, and the sea was perfectly calm. We were close to two large islands, but I had no time to look at them, for in the distance, to the north, was Stromboli, a great cone-shaped volcanic island, from whose summit was ascending a thin column

of white smoke; on my right hand was a grand coast-line of great mountain masses, dominated by a mighty pile overtopping everything near it, clad in a spotless garment of white, and from whose lofty summit was rising slowly, undisturbed by even a breath of wind, a long thin column of clear white smoke—'Etna.' How grand, how magnificent it looked, and how wonderful to feel that we were quietly and safely moving between two active volcanoes, and so near to both! I was the only passenger on deck at the time, so gave myself up to the pleasure of the moment in silence.

By breakfast-time we were nearing the Straits of Messina; by ten o'clock we had entered the narrow channel, with mountain scenery on all sides of us—great mountains, with such bold, rugged outline, so scarred and riven by wild, deep ravines,

and upheaved masses of rugged rock on the one hand, while on the other the sloping hill-sides, though rough and broken too, were brightened up by picturesque white villages, terraces of cultivation, well-wooded valleys, and by a line of railway. But all was overshadowed by the giant Etna in his white robe of snow. It was beautiful—it was grand!

As we steamed on, we passed the rocks of Scylla on the left, and the whirlpool of Charybdis on the right; past the towns of Bagnara and Scylla on the Italian side, and the town of Messina on the Sicilian, all fair to look upon, but constantly my eyes turned from all other objects to gaze on Etna, which loomed out great, majestic, no matter how the good ship headed, and I think *that* was to every point of the compass while we were passing through the straits. There was a strong tide or

current running, but it only fretted or agitated the surface of the water. How different *our* experience from that of 'pious Œneas,' whose safety was threatened on the one hand by Scylla, and on the other by the insatiable Charybdis, the latter 'sucking vast waves into its vortex, to spout them forth again, and lash the stars with the spray.'

At one o'clock p.m. we had cleared Cape Spartimento, and out into the open Mediterranean. Still Etna looked as grand—ay, grander than ever; and even after the sun had set in a heaven and above a sea of glory, Etna stood forth majestic and plainly visible at a distance of seventy miles. In appearance Vesuvius is not to be compared with Etna. The former is dark and dismal looking, only brightened by its cloud of fire, while the latter is nearly three times as high, is clad in pure

white, and, though it does not blaze into flames intermittently as Vesuvius does, it sends forth quietly a continuous volume of white smoke. The one seems to burst into moments of fiery passion, while the other acts with constant, quiet dignity.

It has been a most delightful day—a picnic on the sea when all that is grand and wonderful in nature has been round us. What a splendid sunrise! What a lovely day! What a gorgeous sunset! What magnificent scenery! What a beautiful world God has given us to dwell in?

Friday, February 1st.—We were in sight of land early this morning, passed between the islands of Paxo and Antipaxo on our right hand, and the southern extremity of Corfu on our left, far ahead the irregular, wild Albanian coast, and beyond that a chain of lofty, snow-clad mountains, which I have seen nothing to compare

with, except the snowy Himalayhian range.

On rounding the southern point of Corfu, we steamed into the splendid, almost landlocked harbour, and by noon anchored off the town, which is situated about the middle of the curved line of coast on the east side of the island. On the south side of the town stands the citadel, a formidable-looking work, and about the centre stands another strong fortification. Near the middle of the harbour is the small, flat island of Vido, on which, during the period of our protectorate, we erected at considerable expense barracks for two regiments and a series of strong fortifications which, when the islands were handed over to the Greek government, we blew up. The ruins remain just as we left them, no effort having been made either to rebuild or to clear away the debris.

The town itself is small and crowded into a narrow space; the streets are narrow and Eastern-like, the shops small and dark, and the insanitary odours overpowering. The people begin to regret the absence of the English, for since *they* left, money has become scarce, or at least less abundant, and no progress has been made in improvements. In the streets are seen a variety of nationalities and of costumes —Greeks, Albanians, Montenegrins, and Corfuites jostle each other, but not in the hurry of business—for all move about slowly, silently, and rather dismally—several Albanian shepherds, in great, rough sheep-skin coats, were wandering about, and looked at a little distance more like bears than human beings; others of a higher (and cleaner) class, dressed in short jacket and white kilt, with ample girdle full of pistols and

knives, stood about in little groups; tall, handsome, powerfully-built Montenegrins shouldered their way through the crowd with scant ceremony; Greeks from *the country* walked about in short, dark-blue jacket and wide baggy trousers reaching to the knee; country girls looked gay in their picturesque attire, and contrasted favourably with the short, hard-featured, dirty, coarsely-dressed, and ungainly Albanian women.

Our first day was spent in merely wandering about the town, visiting the citadel and public promenade, making a few purchases, and watching the militia drill.

Saturday, February 2nd.—We had made up our minds to set foot upon Albanian soil, therefore hired two smart little cutter yachts for the day, and after breakfast started in two parties. My friend, B——, an experienced yachtsman, and I taking

charge of *our* tidy little craft, while Mr. S——, a veteran traveller and sailor, took command of the other. The day was perfect; not a cloud in the heavens, the air was soft and balmy, and we were favoured with a southerly breeze—a soldier's wind—which if it held from the same quarter and did not die away into a calm would take us across the bay and back again. The scenery ahead was of great extent and very grand. Before us was a broad expanse of water (seven miles in breadth) bounded by a long curve of undulating hills, above which rose a chain of wild and rugged mountain, and beyond that again, and in the far distance, towering sublime to heaven, appeared the Pindus mountains, the great snow-clad range of Albania. We were all enchanted with the scenery, and for my own part I acknowledged that, except the snowy range of the Himalay-

ahs, I had never seen anything to equal the grandeur, beauty, and extent of the Albanian snowy range.

It took us an hour and a half to cross the bay, for the wind slackened as we neared the opposite highland, and running into a little landlocked harbour, we landed on a rocky promontory overgrown with hardy scrub, wirey grass, and wild onions of gigantic size, amongst which peeped out the pale yellow anemone and other wild flowers; and here, in the pure fresh air, under the shadow of a great mountain and close to the sea, with the music of its little wavelets murmuring softly in our ears, we sat down to rest, to think, and to talk over the day's pleasure, and of the wondrous natural beauty of the scenery around us, the sublime work with which the Beneficent Creator has clothed our world for man's use and man's enjoyment.

And then after this intellectual and moral feast—human-like—we did not fail to nourish the frail body by a good lunch.

This accomplished, my party re-embarked, and after a pleasant sail reached our comfortable home, the *Ceylon*, in time for dinner. The other party, however, remained behind, in order that they might see something of the wild Albanians, in which they succeeded, and had a satisfactory interview with some very suspicious characters. This detained them so long that it was sunset before they left the little Albanian harbour, and very late in the evening before they reached the ship.

Sunday, February 3rd.—Last night my friend, the Reverend Doctor F——, came on board to take passage with us as far as Athens, our next port of call. From him we heard that the Duke of Sutherland was

in Corfu on his way to Greece. This morning Colonel T—— and I called on his Grace at the hotel, and offered him the use of the ship. His Grace declined, as he is going to Corinth not to Athens, but promised to come on board and see the ship, which he did, and was good enough to express satisfaction with our arrangements, and a hope for our success.

The majority of our party attended divine service on shore, while the rest of us had service on board.

In the afternoon Dr. L—— and I took a long walk to the other side of the island, which in this part is narrow. We were not much impressed with the beauty of the scenery, but were with the apparent poverty of the lower orders, and the misery of their dwellings. The little country children in Corfu have a very pretty way of begging. They meet you or run after you

on the road, offering a little bouquet for which they do not ask though they expect payment, and take any trifle that you offer.

This is not the best season of the year to visit this beautiful island. One should come later, if one wishes to see it smiling under its wealth of flowers, for which it is so famous.

We had a magnificent sunset this evening, the brilliant colours of the sky reflected by the perfectly calm sea, while the distant snowy range assumed a delicate rose-pink tint, and then, as the curtain of night closed around us, what a brilliancy of star-light lit up the heaven above!

CHAPTER XV.

SAILED FROM CORFU—GRAND VIEWS OF MOUNTAIN SCENERY—THE ISLANDS IN THE IONIAN SEA—ITHACA AND CEPHALONIA—CASTLE OF ULYSSES—PENELOPE—ZANTE—CAPE MALEA—OLD HERMIT—THE MYRTOAN SEA—SINUS SARDONICUS—SALAMIS—DISTANT VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS—PIRÆUS—ATHENS—THESEUM—PHILOPAPPUS—SOCRATES' PRISON—DIONYSIA—TEMPLE OF JUPITER.

CHAPTER XV.

MONDAY, February 4th.—Sailed this morning at four o'clock, and as we steamed out from the great basin of Corfu, left Paxo and Antipaxo on our right, and the magnificent Albanian mountains on our left. At eight o'clock we were abreast of Santa Maura, with Cephalonia and Ithaca on our starboard bow.

We were under a cloudy sky, but the Albanian coast was in sunshine, which lighted up brilliantly the snowy range in the distance. At 9.30 we were abreast of the southern point of Santa Maura, and

intended passing through the strait which separates this island from Cephalonia and Ithaca, so as to run down the broad channel between these islands, Zante, and the mainland of Greece. The scenery was very beautiful, and as the clouds had cleared away we had a clear blue sky above, a deep blue sea around, the snowy range visible far behind, and the islands, with their bold mountain outline and smiling landscapes, a-beam and ahead of us.

Instead of passing between the mainland and the islands, our obliging captain altered his route, and steered for the narrow channel between Cephalonia and Ithaca as being the more interesting, and affording us opportunity of seeing several spots famous in classical history.

As we ran past the southern point of Santa Maura, the ancient Leucadia (so called from its white rocks), the famous

rock was pointed out to us from which despairing lovers threw themselves into the sea to end their heartaches and disappointments. Notably amongst these (so tradition says) was Sappho, the lovely woman and amorous poetess.

Cephalonia (the ancient Cephalena) and Ithaca together formed the kingdom of Ulysses, and it was from the former chiefly that he collected the warriors whom he led to the Trojan war. One of the highest hills of Ithaca, overhanging the narrow strait, is pointed out as the spot on which his impregnable castle stood from which he ruled his little kingdom, and in which, on his departure for the war, he left the fair but sorrowful Penelope, and where, during her husband's long absence, she dwelt in weary solitude, beset by eager wooers, whose addresses she evaded, while weaving and unweaving her interminable

web, ever hopeful of her lord's return.

Having cleared the strait, we made for Zante, and, running close inshore, had a good view of the thriving little town, and of the old English citadel above it, and then southward ho! down the Ionian Sea.

Tuesday, February 5th.—Rounded Cape Malea early this morning, passing between Cerigo and the mainland about nine o'clock, and were saluted with a blessing by the old hermit who for years has dwelt in a little hut built under the rocks almost at the very extremity of the cape. A lonely life it must be, for there is no human habitation near, and his only employments must be devotional, tending his few goats, and keeping the little garden which surrounds his hut in order. Steamers, as they round the cape, generally blow their whistle to attract his attention, and he invariably comes forth and stands with

hands uplifted, as if invoking a blessing.

It blew hard during the night, with a head sea, and as we doubled the cape the wind, still blowing fresh, drew round to the north, thus heading us, but not raising heavy waves, as we sped up the Myrtoan Sea. A lovely day it has been, and with a pleasant temperature. Land has been constantly in sight, at first the mainland of Laconia, and afterwards little rocky islands, each no doubt with a name and a history.

In the afternoon we again sighted the mainland on both sides, and about three o'clock p.m., on entering the Sinus Sardonicus, could distinguish the Acropolis at least twenty miles ahead. Gradually we neared it, having Ægina and Salamis on the left, and the mainland of Attica on the right, all showing a bold outline of mountain scenery, bare and bleak, certain-

ly, and the summits of the mountains covered with snow, but possessing an overwhelming interest as being the land of classic history, and immortal renown and glory.

At 5.30 p.m. we entered the harbour of the Piræus, and took up our position on the east side. I was surprised at the extent of the harbour, as I had been under the impression, from written description, that it was very limited in extent. The fact is that it is a considerable port, capable of affording accommodation to many vessels, if care be taken in allotting them berths. At present there are moored near the entrance on the east side three large and one small war-ships, and on the west four large ironclads; and around the head of the harbour there are upwards of one hundred small craft, all moored close to each

other certainly, but with ample room for ingress and egress. The port is almost circular, and there is deep water up to the very wharf. Our stern is not more than thirty yards from one of the landing-places.

The little town of Piræus is clustered round the head of the harbour, and from the ship's deck has a trim and comfortable appearance. We are all excitement, and anxiously looking forward to the morrow that we may visit Athens.

Wednesday, February 6th.—At 10.30 a.m., left the ship, and landed, unfortunately, at the point furthest from the railway station, but made the best of it, and walked round the head of the harbour, along the wharf, where there was apparently *much* business going on, with *much* noise of human tongue in the midst of *much* unnecessary dirt and dust. Little

vessels of curious build and rig, with cargoes of oil and fruit and wine, were lying close packed, and moored by the stern to the well-built stone wharf, whose sturdy crews, intent on the work of landing cargo, took no heed of the passing strangers, but jostled us out of their way.

The streets were badly paved, out of repair, covered with dust, and lined on one side (opposite the shipping) with shops and booths of humble character, conspicuous amongst which was the bureau of the money-changer, who disdained our silver money, but willingly gave us full value for our English sovereign.

We left the town of the Piræus at eleven o'clock by a slow train, passed Phalerum, the ancient port of Athens, on our way, a pretty bay, but too open, not to be compared with the Piræus, and used now only as a resort for bathers. From hence

a quarter of an hour brought us into Athens, and to a certain amount of disappointment, but of this by-and-by. On alighting from the train, we separated into parties, and, under guides, went off in different directions. My party, consisting of Mr. S——, Mr. M——, and Mr. B——, started on foot, under the escort of a little *shoeblack*, the only guide that we could procure, and commenced our exploration.

Close to the station is the Theseum (or Temple of Theseus) a beautiful building in the Doric style, and less a ruin than all the temples we visited afterwards; and it would have been still less a ruin had *we* not robbed it. This temple was erected to the memory, or to receive the ashes, of Theseus, an Athenian king and hero.

From thence, passing south towards the sea, our shoeblack took us to, and pointed

out, the prison of the virtuous Socrates, the artist, soldier, philosopher, moralist, and the 'wisest of mankind.' But which of the three excavations in the side of the rocky hill had had that honour is doubtful, at least our shoeblack could not say for certain. From thence we walked on still nearer to the sea, and ascending a conical hill, stood beneath the Tower of Philopappus, a ruin consisting of blocks of white marble, with the remains, very much defaced, of some good sculpturing. From this little eminence there is a good view of the surrounding country, including Phalerum, the Ilissian plains, Mount Hymettus, the Acropolis, the city itself, and the broad Sardonic Gulf, closed in on either side by noble mountain scenery.

Who Philopappus was, I confess I do not know, unless he was an eminent soldier

and statesman who was called 'The last of the Greeks,' and in whose honour, or to whose memory, this tower had been erected.

Descending thence we approached the Acropolis, and there our shoeblack left us, deeming himself no longer fit to guide, or perhaps not fit to enter the sacred precincts.

But at the gate an old man met us, who speaking English offered to go with us, and tell us the history of the great ruins on the hill above. He made only two conditions, viz., that we were 'each to give him one franc,' and that we were 'not to speak to or interrupt him during his historical recital.' He spoke English fluently, and I must acknowledge gave us a wonderful historical sketch of the Acropolis, just as if he had learned it by heart out of a guide book—I forget his name.

I will not here follow the route he took us, nor repeat his words, but give a short description of what we saw, commencing at a different point of observation.

Passing round the southern base of the Acropolis to the south-east angle we stood immediately above the beautiful theatre of Dionȳsia. This must have been a gem of beauty. Semi-circular as all ancient theatres were, built of white marble, with tiers of seats above each other facing the stage. In front of these seats was a row of arm-chairs, each cut out of a single block of white marble, and with the names of the officials entitled to use them carved on the back. The seats behind these for officials lower in degree, and those still further back for the '*ὅι πολλοι.*'

The *προσκήνιον* (proscenium) is very perfect and in mosaic.

The stage itself is in ruins, but the

marble statues and figures, which I presume supported or faced the front of it, are (some of them at least) in good preservation, especially the figure of a man kneeling on one knee, and affording the support of his back and shoulders. Beyond (or behind) this theatre, lying on the ground neglected, is a beautiful altar consisting of one block of pure white marble with exquisite carving on it. To the left of the theatre, and on a plain below it, are the remaining columns of the temple of Jupiter, of white marble, in the Corinthian style, and with exquisitely carved capitals.

One of the columns is lying on the ground broken (at least, the blocks separated from each other), having been thrown down, during a storm, by the shock of an earthquake. It is a magnificent ruin, lying there at full length. Near this are

the Stadium on one side, and the Arch of Hadrian on the other.

In the next chapter I shall continue my description of the Parthenon and other ruins.

CHAPTER XVI.

ACROPOLIS—ROMAN THEATRE—PROPYLÆA—TEMPLE OF WINGLESS VICTORY—PARTHENON—THE ERECHTHEUM—TOMB OF CECROPS—CARYATIDES—TOWER OF THE WIND—LANTERN OF DEMOSTHENES—AREOPAGUS—SCENERY—THE CITY OF ATHENS—PHALERUM—KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE—SALAMIS BAY—ELEUSIS—SECOND VISIT TO ACROPOLIS.

CHAPTER XVI.

FROM the theatre of Dionȳsia we ascended towards the entrance of the Acropolis, passing two marble columns standing under the wall above a grotto. We were admitted near the Roman theatre. Similar in architectural style and arrangement to the theatre of Dionȳsia (which we had just left), but not by any means so well finished, or so beautiful, or in such good preservation. On our left stood the Propylæa, or entrance-gate of the Parthenon, near which is the little temple of 'Nike Apteros,' or the Temple of Minerva, termed the Wingless,

because the Athenians, after the battle of Marathon (when the temple was erected), thought, or hoped, that the goddess would never desert them.

From thence we walked up the inclined plane, up which chariots were driven into the court of the Parthenon. This inclined plane was originally paved with marble slabs, deeply grooved transversely, to prevent the horses slipping. Many of the slabs are still in sitû, many are broken and displaced, and many are wanting altogether. At the head of this incline, and standing in a great open space, is the Parthenon, a noble pile of ruin. In shape it is oblong, composed of massive marble columns of the Doric order; many of which are injured and defaced, but many still in a perfect state. In the centre formerly stood the shrine of the Minerva, from which rose a splendid column, which

extended up to and above the top of the temple, and on the top of this column was placed the statue of the goddess.

The original Parthenon was destroyed by the Persians, but rebuilt by Pericles with greater magnificence, preserved intact by the Romans, injured and defaced by Christians, and afterwards by the Turks, and lastly mutilated by time and neglect. But even in its present state of decay the Parthenon is a grand and imposing ruin.

Passing out at the east end we threaded our way through a mass of débris to the Erechtheum, a beautiful little temple of Athéne Polias (Minerva, protectress of the city), built in the Ionic style, attached to which is the tomb of Cecrops (supposed to have been the founder of Athens), the roof of which is supported by six exquisite statues of women, the caryatides or maidens (from the Greek word *κοραι*).

Within the temple was in former days the statue of Minerva, seated and holding in her hand the Eternal Lamp.

From this point of the Acropolis, we looked down upon the city, in which stands the Tower of the Wind and the Lantern of Demosthenes. Unfortunately, we had not time to make a closer inspection of these. Passing out of the Acropolis, we descended to the Areopagus, a mighty mass of rock. We ascended by a flight of steps cut in the rock to the top, on which there is a levelled spot, probably where the Areopagites (men renowned for virtue and justice) sat in judgment in cases of importance and solemnity. Here the great Apostle of the Gentiles stood to answer for and defend his 'Faith,' and from hence he preached of the *Unknown God*, to the critical and sceptical Athenians.

Returned to our ship in the evening greatly impressed with the grandeur of the Acropolis, its ruins and surroundings. The scenery is magnificent, composed of mountain, plain, and sea, which, with the mouldering ruins of man's power, skill, and industry, made up a whole which I have never seen equalled. But the city of Athens itself is a wretched capital to represent a people that was so great, so skilled, so learned. It lies in the low ground on the north of the Acropolis, is badly built, and dirty, giving rise to the impression of laziness and poverty on the part of its inhabitants. This was the disappointment which I experienced on my arrival in the city, and which I alluded to in my last chapter. Why then did you say

Thursday, February 7th.—I remained on board during the forenoon, but in the afternoon landed with our Captain, and

walked round by Phalerum, a little village standing at the head of the bay of the same name, famous as having been the naval station of Athens until after the battle of Salamis, when the Piræus was selected, fortified, and connected to Athens by a double wall, of which, however, there is no trace now.

While Captain Lunham and I were seated in the open air, waiting for a ship's boat to take us off, sipping a cup of coffee *à la Turque*, and smoking a cigarette, the King and Queen of Greece, with a very small attendant retinue, passed along the wharf on foot. As they were in plain clothes, and with so few attendants, we should not have known who they were had we not seen passing officers and soldiers salute, and heard them name them. Of course, as Britons loyal to our own good Queen, we rose

and saluted too, and were favoured by a recognition from the king. In the earlier part of the afternoon, we had seen the heir-apparent to the crown, drilling with a squad of recruits.

Friday, February 8th.—Started this morning with our whole party, in a little steamer, to visit the bay of Salamis. Leaving the Piræus, we turned to the north-west, passed the island of Psytalia (now Lipso), on which Xerxes had placed a chosen body of troops, for the purpose of massacring the Athenian prisoners who should be taken in the great naval fight, but instead of that arrangement those chosen troops were themselves slaughtered by the victorious Greeks. Xerxes also, before the engagement, had closed the channel between this island and the opposite headland of the larger island, Salamis, so as to oblige the Greeks to make

their attack from one direction, and to prevent their using it after defeat as a passage for escape.

Passing Psytalia, we entered the Straits of Salamis, and steamed over the very spot where the great battle had been fought. Divers are at present employed in exploring the bottom in quest of relics of the fight. Overlooking the straits from the north is a little hill, on the top of which the Persian monarch is supposed to have sat to witness the engagement.

From the straits, we passed into the Georgio Channel, and then into the Bay of Salamis itself, and, turning to the right, kept close along shore, so as to get a view of the Vale of Daphne and the sacred way. A monastery now occupies the site on which a temple of Apollo once stood; a few Ionic columns of which, are still to be seen. The sacred way led from Athens

through the Vale of Daphne, round the head of the bay to Eleusis, once the second city in Attica, and where were celebrated the Eleusian Mysteries, the exact nature of which has never been accurately ascertained. *There* stood the Temple of Mysteries in the midst of a flourishing city; but now only the ruins of the former are to be seen, and instead of the proud city only a poor village stands upon the margin of the bay.

The Bay of Salamis, or Eleusis, is formed by the Island of Salamis on the south and the mainland on the east, north, and west. It is perfectly landlocked, and surrounded by wild, barren hills, between which (on the north and west) and the shores of the bay is a large extent of flat, fertile plain, dotted over with villages, and rich in vineyards, from the produce of which, our boatman informed us, the best wines of

Greece are made. Passing the town of Eleusis, we steamed down the bay, and, landing close to a monastery, spread our lunch under a splendid pine-tree, while we sat upon soft seats of thyme, which fragrant herb grew in wild abundance.

It had been a lovely day. We had been favoured with bright sunshine, and during the morning and early part of the day there had not been a breath of wind to ripple or disturb the surface of the water, in which the rugged mountains, with their veil of snow, were reflected like realities. The bay is of great extent, but not a sail, not a speck was visible on its wide expanse, except our own little craft. It is sad to see so little life and energy in a land where there is so much natural beauty, and which was once the home of power, wisdom, and industry, and where art and learning in their various

branches were cultivated so successfully.

'’Tis living Greece no more.'

In the evening we turned homewards, first running north as far as Eleusis, with the intention of landing there to examine the ruins of the ancient temple, but time failed us, so we turned and steamed across the bay, reaching the *Ceylon* by sunset. All our party ~~were~~ in excellent spirits, was. and delighted at having had the opportunity of visiting the scene of one of the greatest naval battles ever fought in defence of freedom and independence, but regretting that time would not admit of our visiting other equally historic spots, and especially the field of Marathon.

Saturday, February 9th.—Landed again to-day with Colonel T——, and made another visit to the Acropolis; on this occasion without a guide, for the information we had gained at our previous visit en-

abled us to dispense with one, much to the disappointment of the shoeblack and of the garrulous old man.

While we were standing on the Areopagus, I saw a boy, stretched at full length, reading a book. On approaching him I found it was a copy of Anacreon's 'Odes,' and on taking the book from him, and reading an ode aloud in our own broad Scotch manner of pronunciation, he smiled with surprise and pleasure.

This evening, at four o'clock, we left the harbour of the Piræus, bade adieu to Greece, and turned our faces homeward —this being the limit eastward of our pleasure cruise.

"Surprise" I have no manner of doubt, but — "pleasure"!! Hech! mon' I hae me doots"! —

CHAPTER XVII.

EN ROUTE FOR MALTA—ARRIVE AT MALTA—SAIL FOR TUNIS—THE BAY OF TUNIS—SITE OF CARTHAGE—MASONRY RESERVOIRS—SIDI BEN SAID—CHAPEL OF ST. LOUIS—THE BYRSA—POSITION OF ANCIENT HARBOUR—TEMPLE OF ESCULAPIUS—GOLETTA—RAILWAY—THE BEY—BAZAAR OF TUNIS—MOORS—MOORISH WOMEN—CARPETS—JEWELLERY—LAKE TUNIS—AFRICAN COAST—ATLAS MOUNTAINS.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNDAY, February 10th.—*En route* to Malta. We are having beautiful weather, and expect to make a quick run.

Monday, February 11*th.*—Arrived at Malta this morning, a naval and military station which is so universally known that I will not enter into any particulars about our visit to it. We remain here till the evening of the 13th, when we sail for Tunis.

Thursday, February 14*th.*—During last night we passed Pentallaria, and early this morning, after rounding Cape Bon, ran

between the mainland and the two rocky islands of Zembra and Zembretta, and entered the Bay of Tunis. This (the Bay of Tunis) is of great extent, lies between Cape Bon and Cape Farina, but the inner bay lies deeper inland between Capes Zafrau on the east and Cape Carthage on the west.

At 11.30 this morning we anchored off Goletta, an inconsiderable town on the sandy neck of land which lies between the bay and the salt-water lake of Tunis.

The first object of attraction on entering the inner bay was the site of ancient Carthage. The great city occupied a commanding position, viz., a mountain plateau somewhat triangular in shape just behind the present Cape Carthage, with the sea on two sides of it, and also at the irregular apex, and the Lake of Tunis at the base. This was not only a beautiful and com-

manding, but a strong position for a fortress city. There are few remains of the great city, however, and the advice, to the senate, of the great Roman general who conquered it appears to have been followed most completely—‘ Carthago est delenda ’ (Carthage must be destroyed), and it has been effectually done, for truly not one stone has been left standing upon another; only the great tanks, or reservoirs, are left to mark the spot, and these had been built with such solidity as to defy the power of man and the destroying influence of time. There are still in good preservation nineteen of these cisterns, all communicating with each other, arched over, and with long passages at each side; several of them still hold water.

The visitor of the present day will be disappointed to find so little to remind him of the great city which rivalled Rome

in power for so many years. At the point of the plateau where it stood, and overlooking the sea, now stands the picturesque little town of Sidi Ben Said. Near this stands the little chapel and monastery erected by Louis Philippe to the memory of his ancestor, Louis the Saint, who died on the spot in 1270, while engaged in a crusade against the Turks.

This chapel is supposed to stand on the site of the 'Byrsa,' or ancient citadel of Carthage, and which was the first spot fortified by the Carthaginians. The walls which enclose the chapel garden are partly built of pieces of marble, on which can be distinguished Punic and Roman inscriptions and letters; and arranged about the garden are marble columns, statues, &c., which were found during the excavations. In the monastery, or college, attached to the chapel is a small museum

containing coins, mosaics, and other interesting relics, found also during the excavations and amongst the ruins. The position of the ancient harbour, so well described by Virgil, is now occupied by two little lakes; the original harbour was destroyed by Scipio, afterwards restored, but allowed to fall to ruin again after the Arab conquest.

The temple of Esculapius is situated under the chapel of St. Louis. Of the Forum and the many temples few or no remains are visible. All that was valuable, and could be found and removed, was carried away to build and ornament the Moorish city of Tunis, or to enrich public buildings and museums in Europe.

The *Ceylon* is anchored about three miles from Goletta, and six or seven from Tunis, which we can plainly see at the head of Lake Tunis.

Friday, February 15th.—Landed this morning at Goletta, the port of Tunis, with my friends, Colonel and Mrs. T—— and Dr. L——, for the purpose of visiting the city.

Goletta is a small town situated on a narrow neck of sandy ground which separates Lake Tunis from the sea. There is a connecting channel, but narrow and shallow, just deep enough, in fact, for the small, flat-bottomed coasting vessels. This channel might easily be enlarged and deepened, and the lake made of more use than it is at present.

The line of railway runs from Goletta west, past the site of ancient Carthage, as far as the village of El Marsa, and from thence, east to Tunis; the whole distance being about twelve miles. The Bey, with a small suite, travelled in the same train with us as far as El Marsa. He is a tall,

good-looking man of middle age. Instead of his own picturesque costume, he appears to have assumed a sort of French military undress.

The city of Tunis lies at the south-east side of the Lake of Tunis. At that part of the city where the railway enters it, the French appear to have established themselves, and to be building new and converting old houses into homes and restaurants, public stores, and second-rate cafés. We found a guide on our arrival who could speak French (though I think he was an Italian), and, stepping at once into a carriage, drove off to the Moorish quarter of the city, where the great bazaar is situated.

To me, who have seen so much of Eastern life, and been in Tangier and visited the bazaar in Stamboul, that of Tunis was no novel sight, but my *com-*

pagnons de voyage generally were astonished at the, to them, new race of mankind; their rich and varied coloured dresses, and at the picturesque, almost classical, manner in which their flowing garments were arranged; at the curious little shops, or stalls, in the arched arcades; at the lazy attitudes assumed by the shopmen, and at their readiness to deal, and apparent indifference when disappointed in a customer.

The Moors of Tunis are certainly a fine race; tall, muscular, and healthy-looking, with comparatively fair and ruddy complexion, and large, full, dark eyes that beam with good humour, and look full into the stranger's. All are broad-shouldered, deep-chested, and have well-developed limbs; but, like all Easterns, the rich, or well-to-do, have a tendency to obesity, or at least to corpulency. We

found them polite, returning our recognitions gracefully; and the little chubby children—who were numerous—willingly shook hands with us. Many women, *uncomfortably shod*, were wandering about the bazaars, but veiled in long, white garments over gayer colours, and their faces closely concealed by a black mask, through little openings in which shone their fine dark eyes.

In dealing, the Moors, like Asiatics, set a high price upon their wares, but under the influence of coffee, cigarettes (they all smoke cigarettes), and by persistent bargaining generally part with them at half, or a little more than half, the sum named. On first entering a shop, or stall, a seat is offered, and, if accepted, coffee is produced, followed by the cigarette; and *then* their special goods are displayed, and prices named, and after *that* the sales-

man waits, with apparent indifference, for an offer, and so on.

I asked for the chibouque, but either they do not use it, or only at their homes, for I neither got one nor saw one in use. They make good and handsome silk stuffs, but do not part with them for nothing. One little scarf I bought, and paid eighteen francs for; and, having brought it home, my womenkind are evidently at a loss how to use it. I saw some very nice carpets, and one, a small one, which I took a fancy to, was priced at two hundred and fifty francs. I offered fifty, sixty, eighty francs, but my offer was disdainfully declined. Their jewellery is just like all Eastern jewellery, pure metal, but coarsely made.

I believe the people are very happy and contented under the French Protectorate, feeling life and property secure.

The mountain scenery around Tunis is

magnificent, and I understand that the interior of the country is fertile and fairly cultivated.

The great lake in front of the city is very shallow, and fit only for small craft; but I think only energy and money are required to convert it into a splendid and secure harbour.

Saturday, February 16*th*.—We sailed from Tunis at four o'clock a.m. to-day, and on coming on deck at eight o'clock I found that we were passing between the Canĕ Rocks, with their lighthouse perched upon the top of the highest, on the starboard side, and Cape Blanco on the port. The former are three in number, two of them high out of the water, and the third (discovered by our own Captain) just under water. The land at and in the neighbourhood of Cape Blanco is high and undulating, and extensively cultivated; the olive groves and

wheat-fields can be seen distinctly with a glass from the deck of our ship.

The town of Benzaret nestles close down by the water in a little bay to the east of the cape. It is surrounded by a wall with bastions, and connected by another wall to a fort which stands in a prominent position on the hill above the town. At a short distance from the town stands another fort, perched curiously on the top of a flat rock.

Further on to the west we passed the Fratelli rocks, on our port side. These rocks stand far out from the coast, one of them an enormous mass, and like a giant arm-chair in shape.

Further on we pass the island of Galeta on the starboard side, and Cape de Garde on the port; then across the Gulf of Bona, past Cape Toukoush, through the Gulf of Stora, and round Cape de Fer.

Our Captain runs close along the land, so that we may have a good view of the coast and the grand mountain scenery in the background. The low hills near the sea are mounds of drifted sand, covered with stunted vegetation ; the hills beyond these appear to be cultivated ; and beyond these, and in the far distance, is the great Atlas chain covered with snow.

It has been a beautiful and most enjoyable day, and all that I have seen has been new and interesting to me.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ALGIERS — NEW AND OLD TOWNS — THE KASBAH — WALK THROUGH OLD ALGERINE TOWN—THE ARABS—ARAB WOMEN — FRENCH OFFICERS—FRENCH ADMIRAL—ZOUAVE BARRACKS—RECRUITS AT DRILL—ZOUAVE PACK—MEN'S DINNERS — TRAPISTE MONASTERY — BLEDA — GORGE OF CHIFFA—CATHEDRAL—MOSQUE—BRITISH CONSUL-GENERAL—AN OLD FRIEND.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TUESDAY, February 17th.—Came in sight of Algiers before breakfast, and by 10.30 entered the harbour, an artificial one formed by two breakwaters, constructed with great blocks of concrete.

Algiers is a large town, partly Algerine and partly French, the latter situated close down to and along the sea, and laid out in handsome streets and boulevards, and extending, in the form of groups of houses and isolated villas, along the slope of the hill, which sweeps round in a curve towards the east. The former (the old Algerine town) lies behind the modern

town, and extends up the face of the hill. It consists, so to speak, of a large group of buildings closely wedged together, and piled on top of each other, intersected by narrow, tortuous lanes, called streets, but which can hardly come under this designation. They are very steep, very badly paved, and every here and there flights of stone steps lead from the lower lanes to those on a higher level.

Above all, on the top of the hill, stands the kasbah, the old fortress of former beys. It is now in a great measure a ruin, but a grand old ruin, standing in a commanding position, grimly frowning upon the town below. Portions of it are still habitable, and the room in which the Bey (who insulted the whole French people by contemptuously striking their envoy or consul in the face with his fan) was confined as a prisoner is still fit for

occupation. I walked right up through the old Algerian town with one of Messrs. Cook's guides, and found it occupied exclusively by Arabs, with whose appearance and bearing I was not favourably impressed; one expects (at least I expected) to see Arabs *all* fine-looking men, clad simply but cleanly, and walking with majestic step and bearing. However, these being conquered, civilized Arabs, *may* differ from the Arab of the desert. They seemed to be all traders, shopkeepers, and artisans; their shops, and themselves and their manners, just like the buniahs and mihstris and coolies of an Indian bazaar. I met numbers of men and women walking about, the former in white or coarse-striped haicks (that is the word used, I think, and it is the same as the burnous elsewhere), with yellow leather slippers on their feet, though this was not universal, as some

wore black shoes of European shape. The women were swathed in their loose white wraps, with the white yasmak covering the head and face, the eyes only being exposed. I could see their features through the yasmak sufficiently to enable me to judge if they were good-looking or not, and I think that those who were good-looking had a way of drawing the veil tight over their faces, so as to make their features more distinct.

To one less accustomed to Eastern life than myself, I can quite understand the Arab quarter of Algiers being an interesting sight. But for my own part, having been in Stamboul and Tunis, and spent so many years in India, I did not feel that I was seeing anything new in Algiers, or amongst the Arabs, the majority of whom appeared as poor, as dirty, and as miserably clad and shod as the poorest coolies in a Bengal bazaar.

As soon as we had anchored, two French officers, a Zouave and the admiral's surgeon, with the son of the Prefet, came on board to ask when the admiral could see the ship. We arranged for one o'clock p.m., and begged that the admiral would do us the honour of lunching on board. At one o'clock the same three gentlemen came back, bearing the admiral's apology for not being able to pay his visit, as a French transport with invalids from Madagascar had just arrived. The three gentlemen, however, remained to lunch, and then invited Colonel and Mrs. T—— and myself to accompany them on shore to see their military club, library, &c., which we did, and afterwards accompanied the Zouave officer to the barracks occupied by his regiment. There we saw a company at running drill, and recruits at jumping drill, which latter I had never

seen before. In this, the recruit fully accoutred, took a run of about a dozen yards, and jumped first over a single ditch, and then over a double ditch and bank; and this he repeated until he did both to the satisfaction of the officer who superintended the drill. It certainly appeared to be hard work, under the weight of a heavy pack. All succeeded to the satisfaction of the officer, save one; and he, poor fellow (only a lad), seemed to be regularly knocked up.

We were allowed to inspect a kit. The knapsack was of an old pattern, and very heavy: and the number of articles it contained were, I thought, unnecessary. We afterwards visited the kitchen, where the men's dinners were being served out, consisting of excellent soup, made of maccaroni and lentils, and of a bouillé, like good Irish stew. I tasted both, and found

them most palatable; and could not help remarking to my friend, Colonel T——, that I had no idea the French soldier was so well fed. The usual dinner-hour of the regiment was five o'clock p.m.

I was anxious to go through one of the barrack-rooms, to see the arrangements there, but the officer did not take the hint I gave him on this point.

Monday, February 18th.—Made arrangements for a party to visit the Trapiste Monastery, about twelve or fourteen miles distant from Algiers, by road. There is a large farm attached to this monastery, where they cultivate the orange and the vine, and grow great quantities of sweet-smelling geranium, from which they make the celebrated essence. The monks live a life of seclusion and strict silence. No women live within the building, and *the sex* is not admitted even as visitors. The

monks themselves do all the work of the establishment, and are excellent cooks. Visitors are entertained gratis, and supplied with an ample lunch, consisting of vegetables only, but cooked in a variety of ways; and both red and white wines of good flavour are placed on the table. In return for civility and hospitality, free of cost, visitors are expected, though not asked, to make a few purchases of wine, essences, or walking-sticks. There are many acres of land under cultivation, and the workmen who labour on the estate live, with their families, in neat little cottages round and in the vicinity of the principal building.

Tuesday, February 19th.—Another party started to-day for Bleda and the Gorge of Chiffa. The distance is considerable. Two hours by train to Bleda, and from thence two hours by carriage to the

gorge; but it can easily be accomplished in one day.

For the information of English and other visitors, the local paper describes Bleda as 'a charming spot; possessing all the qualifications and requirements of a sanatorium—a pleasant climate, bracing air, shady woods, and orange-groves, and an abundant supply of delicious water.'

At Bleda, the French have established their breeding station for horses, to supply the Chasseurs d'Afrique and Algerian Artillery.

The scenery between Bleda and the Gorge of Chiffa is very fine, and that of the gorge itself really magnificent. One of the attractions held out to visitors is the certainty of seeing troops of monkeys or apes peculiar to the neighbourhood.

Wednesday, February 20th.—There is nothing more to be seen in the immediate

vicinity of Algiers, so we have spent the day in the town, purchasing curiosities—Arab jewellery, brass and copper trays and vessels, cups, dresses, &c., thus getting rid of our few remaining sovereigns.

Of course we visited the cathedral and the grand mosque. We had no difficulty in gaining admittance to the latter, and were not even required to take off our boots, though we were required to stand on a particular spot.

In the evening the British Consul-General dined with us on board the *Ceylon.* We had invited the Prefet, the French Admiral, and the Port Captain, but the Prefet was absent from home, and the two others had engagements.

Colonel Playfair (our Consul-General) gave me much information, and promised to supply me with programmes for a series of trips of six weeks' duration in different

parts of the Mediterranean coasts. He said there are many most interesting and beautiful places, which can be visited with little or no difficulty, but which are beyond the sphere of the tourist's travels, simply because not known to the general public.

Thursday, February 21*st.*—A gentleman and lady came on board to-day to see the ship. I received them, and, in the course of conversation, remarked to the gentleman that his face was quite familiar to me, and asked if he were in the army. He replied to the last part of my remark in the affirmative, mentioning his regiment, but at the same time said that he had at one time been in the 72nd Highlanders. I remembered his name at once (W——), and where we had met in India, and, mentioning my own name, he congratulated me on the favourable impression which

my little book—the 'Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd Highlanders'—had made in military circles.

We sailed for Gibraltar at five o'clock this evening. It has been very threatening and stormy for the last two days, and there was every appearance to the westward to denote rough weather, which some of my friends looked forward to with apprehension.

Friday, February 22nd.—Contrary to our forebodings and expectations, we had a beautiful calm night, and to-day the weather is perfection—no wind, a deep-blue sky, brilliant sunshine, and not a ripple on the sea. My usual good luck and *Ceylon* weather.

CHAPTER XIX.

GIBRALTAR—APE'S HILL—MUD AND RAIN—THE GALLERIES—ST. MICHAEL'S CAVE—OLD FRIENDS—GLEN ROCKY—OLD FRIENDS PASSED AWAY—THE OLD JEW—SIR JOHN ADYE—LEAVE GIBRALTAR—MAGNIFICENT SUNSET—THE COAST OF PORTUGAL—VIGO BAY—THE TOWN OF VIGO—BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—THE PEOPLE OF VIGO AND THE WOMEN—THE SCHOOLMASTER.

CHAPTER XIX.

SATURDAY, February 23rd.—Gibraltar Bay this morning at nine o'clock. How grand and beautiful is the approach to the old rock! What an imposing mass it is! Almost perpendicular on the east, where it frowns down defiantly upon the Mediterranean, and perfectly perpendicular on the north, where it looks grimly over the narrow neck of land which joins it to the peninsula of Spain; and what a proud thing for a Briton to see his own national flag floating in the breeze over the sentinel fortress which commands

the entrance to the Mediterranean and the great highway to the eastern world.

It was a lovely morning as we steamed up towards Gibraltar, and the coasts of Spain and of Morocco stood out so clearly defined that we could see every ridge and hollow, every precipice and ravine. Both coasts equally fine, but that of Africa the grander and more rugged of the two. Ape's Hill (one of the pillars of Hercules, Gibraltar being the other) was especially a prominent object, its sides scarred and scored by innumerable rents and fissures; even the deepest of them lighted up by the morning sun, whilst its summit was veiled by a thin, filmy cloud.

We had scarcely dropped our anchor, however, when the wind began to blow hard from the south-west, right into the bay, bringing up heavy rain clouds with it, and probably boisterous and unpleas-

ant weather. This did not prevent our landing, however, which being safely effected, and having procured tickets of admission at the military secretary's office, my friends set out to make an inspection of the celebrated galleries cut in the solid rock at the 'north front,' and to visit the almost equally celebrated St. Michael's Cave.

Immediately after landing, I met one or two old friends, who greeted me kindly, and several of the shopkeepers and humble inhabitants of the town came forward to claim my acquaintance. These said that they were glad to see me, and expressed a hope that I had come back to live amongst them; and even the health officers and old boatmen with whom I had sailed often in the bay gave me a kindly recognition.

Saturday is an unfortunate day to arrive in Gibraltar for those who are to make

only a short stay; for it is the Jewish Sabbath, and all the shops of that class of the community are closed, and the next day, being the Christian Sabbath, the shops and places of business of *all* denominations are closed, and no purchases can be made.

Sunday, February 24th.—Fine weather has returned to us, and the bay and its surroundings are seen in all their beauty. It is very beautiful! In the forenoon I landed to visit some friends, lunched with my kind old friends the G——, and then returned to the ship. In the afternoon I landed again with Colonel T——, and walked out with him to Europa Point. On our way I looked in at Glen Rocky, the house of my kind old friend, Sir J. C——, formerly and for many years chief justice of the colony. How the world changes, and how, as one grows older,

friend after friend drops away from our side! Only three years ago I was in the habit of spending every Sunday afternoon with Sir J. C—— in that very house; but now on my return, after what appeared a short absence, I found that he had gone to his last home, was laid at rest, after a long, busy, and useful life, in his private vault within the fortress, and that the house where he lived so long, and where I had so often been a welcome guest, had passed into the possession of others whom I did not know.

Three years ago, my old regiment (the 93rd) and the 79th had been here, but *they* were gone too, and others with whom I had no acquaintance occupied their old quarters. I missed several other acquaintances amongst the civil residents, and on inquiry heard that they were *dead*. Amongst these had been a venerable Jew,

who, during my short service at Gibraltar, had taken a great liking to me for some little kindness on my part. When he heard (three years ago) that I was going home to England, he sent to beg that I would not leave without seeing him. I promised that I would not; so on my last day, just before embarking, I sought my poor old friend, and he blessed me as he said 'Good-bye.' During my walk I met several of the medical officers who had served with, and under, me in former days. They treated me with just the same respect as if I were still the Surgeon-General, and kindly expressed regret that I was no longer in the Service. Ah, well! perhaps it is better as it is; at least I am contented to do what little good I can in my retirement from active life.

I had called at Government House im-

mediately on arrival, and left my name for Sir John and Lady Adye.

Monday, February 25th.—As we were getting up steam, in readiness to start, the governor's barge came alongside with a note from Sir John Adye, in which his Excellency asked me to lunch, or to afternoon tea, and expressed a wish to see me. Unfortunately, it was too late; we were just getting under weigh, or I should have been glad to see Sir John again, with whom I had been on active service in former years.

At 12.30 p.m. we steamed out of the bay in fine weather, and with a fair wind that carried us swiftly through the straits, close past the old walled town of Tarifa upon the Spanish coast, while we had a distant view of Tangier in Morocco; then across *Trafalgar Bay*, the scene of our own immortal Nelson's last and greatest

battle; and then on for Cape St. Vincent.

It had been a lovely day, with bright sunshine and a calm sea; for after passing through the straits, and getting under shelter of the land, there was not a breath of wind to ruffle the surface of the water. The sunset was gorgeous; the whole western heaven from its ocean horizon to the zenith being a vast picture of varied colouring, which, as the sun passed from our sight, changed into a blaze of gold, that faded slowly, as the faint light of evening was followed by the semi-darkness of a starlit night.

Tuesday, February 26th.—The weather is still perfect. With a continuance of fine weather, such as we have had, with such a ship, and with pleasant companionship, our cruise hitherto has been delightful.

To-day the sky was without a cloud, not a breath of air was stirring, and the

deep blue ocean, though scarcely ruffled by a wavelet, was heaving in a long, rolling swell, on which our good ship rose and fell majestically.

In the early morning we passed close to Cape St. Vincent; about two o'clock p.m. were in sight of Lisbon, near enough to distinguish the buildings, and especially the palace of the Ajuda; at four o'clock p.m. we had rounded Cape Boca, getting a splendid view of the Castle of Cintra standing aloft and conspicuous on its rocky hill, and of the town of Cintra and the villages of Colores peeping out from behind their leafy screen of trees; at five o'clock p.m. we were abreast of Mafra, with its magnificent cathedral. Ahead of us, placed on the sloping hill-side, was the pretty little town of Vimiera, the scene of one of our Peninsular victories; and far away in the distance we could trace the

undulating ridge of hills on which Wellington had taken up his impregnable position to cover Lisbon.

At six o'clock p.m. the sun had set, and again in splendour, the whole west a scene of glory, the bright and varied colours showing with greater effect than last night, because light, fleecy clouds were added to the great natural picture.

There was no wind, but a long rolling head-swell convinced us that a strong breeze must have been blowing in that quarter not many hours before, and that the ocean was just quieting down to rest after a short outburst of anger. To-morrow we shall be in Vigo.

Wednesday, February 27th.—The weather looked very wild to the west this morning, but if there were a gale blowing up we should escape it while lying safe in Vigo harbour.

At seven o'clock a.m. we picked up a pilot, and under his guidance made for the entrance of the bay. As we closed in upon the shore, we could perceive that there are two channels, formed by a rocky island, and which acts also as a natural breakwater.

We steamed slowly through the southern channel, and up a magnificent expanse of water, sheltered on both sides by bold hills, the slopes of which are well wooded (with sombre firs and several varieties of deciduous trees), and extensively cultivated in terraces, bright with the young crops.

On rounding a little point, we came in view of the town. It is old and new, lies on the southern side of the harbour, the *old* part on the steep slope of a hill, and the *new* on a broad level space between two hills. On the height above the old part of the town stands a venerable castle,

probably, from its position and extensive fortifications, at one time deemed impregnable, but at present fast falling to decay.

The scenery is very beautiful; the bay is of great extent, stretches far inland, and is perfectly sheltered by rugged hills on both sides. Were these hills only covered with purple heather, the scenery, including land and water, would bear a strong resemblance to that of Loch Fyne or Loch Long in Scotland.

Having come to anchor, received and read our home-letters brought on board by the agent, my friends S—— and L—— accompanied me on shore.

As I have remarked, the town is partly old and partly new. The old town is situated on the side of the hill, the houses packed close together, and built on either side of narrow, steep streets, paved with square slabs of stone. The new town has

been, and is being, built on the little plain east of the old, and between two little hills. It has been planned carefully, and is being built with great regularity. Wide open streets are bordered with large, handsome houses, many of which have been faced with well-dressed granite; and between this part of the town and the water a large public garden and promenade is being laid out and planted. Many of the houses in the old part of the town have nearly a whole front of glass, and this from a distance gives them the appearance of green-houses. There are no public buildings except a large theatre, and it is only being erected, and will not be completed for some time.

On landing, we made first for the church, a conspicuous object in the old town; but it was locked, and we failed to obtain a sight of the interior. We then turned and

faced the hill above the town, with the intention of visiting the fort; but, after toiling up to the entrance-gate, were stopped by the sentry, who informed us that the governor (so he styled the commandant) was absent, and that therefore there was no admittance for strangers. Disappointed, we walked round the building, examined the solid old walls, and admired the beautiful scenery from our elevated position. We had around and beneath us a splendid panorama, made up of mountain, vale, and smiling wheat-fields, shaded by extensive woods, and enlivened by the broad sheet of water which stretched far inland, and beyond our range of vision.

The people of Vigo are strong, well-formed, and well-favoured. Many of the women were good-looking, their appearance rendered remarkable and their good

looks shown to most advantage by the bright-coloured handkerchiefs which they wore upon their heads. The great places of gathering for the women were the wells. At these they congregated in great numbers to fill their peculiarly shaped wooden *stoups*, which are wide at the bottom and contracted at the top, so that they can be easily carried and balanced on the head. Like women all over the world, they cannot meet in numbers without a chat and gossip, and occasionally abuse; but perhaps they did all this on that occasion for the benefit or amusement of the strangers, for we stopped to look and listen.

The shops are small and dark, but light enough for the limited business of the tradesfolk. Silk handkerchiefs all the way from Valencia, cotton ones, and red, flat felt caps from Biscay, were the articles we purchased in remembrance of our visit,

and none of them were cheap. Several of our party bought some articles of pottery made and hand-painted in the district. It had been showery all day, with every appearance of wild weather out at sea. There is only one person in Vigo who can converse in English—the schoolmaster—who is also interpreter to the health officer. I asked how he had acquired the language, and he answered that he had taught himself by studying the English grammar. His great desire is to visit England, 'to perfect himself in the language,' as he said.

CHAPTER XX.

ON SHORE—SHOWERY WEATHER—THE SCHOOLMASTER—HIS OPINION OF PEOPLE NORTH AND SOUTH—LEAVE VIGO—THE NORTHERN CHANNEL—THE BAY OF BISCAY—HEAVY SWELL—HOMEWARD BOUND—IN THE CHANNEL—THE DEAR OLD HOME—HER KINDLY WELCOME—ARRIVE AT GRAVESEND—FAREWELL SPEECHES.

CHAPTER XX.

THURSDAY, February 28th.—We were on shore this forenoon, but the weather was so cold and showery, that we soon returned to our comfortable ship.

In the afternoon, the health officer and the schoolmaster interpreter paid us a farewell visit, when I took the opportunity of asking the latter if the people in the north of Spain were like their brethren in the south, always '*en revolution*.' 'No, no,' he replied, 'we are of colder nature, and are lovers of *peace*, *quiet*, and good order.'

At four o'clock p.m. we steamed slowly out of Vigo Bay, by the northern channel, and, immediately after clearing the rocky island at the entrance, found ourselves in a long, rolling, cross swell, evidence of there having been a breeze outside, which we had not felt while lying at anchor in the harbour off the town.

In the evening we doubled Cape Finisterre, and then hauled up to the north-east, heading for Cape Ortegal.

Friday, February 29th.—In the Bay of Biscay. No wind, but a heavy cross swell, which makes the good ship roll terribly, to the discomfort of some of our party. Strange that, after having been two months on board ship, people should feel a bit of a roll or pitch; but such is the case with some of us.

Saturday, March 1st.—Still rolling in the Bay of Biscay, but there is no wind,

and, though there is a heavy swell, there are no white tops to the long rollers. We are steaming along at a great pace —twelve and thirteen knots an hour—and expect to be in *the* Channel to-morrow morning. The temperature is decidedly lower, and the cold, grey skies, with their heavy clouds, tell us that we are in northern latitudes.

Ah! one looks back to the bright skies of the Mediterranean with pleasant recollections, and perhaps with a little regret; but, after all, we are *homeward bound*, and feel and acknowledge to each other that there is no land like Old England, no place in the wide world like our own *dear home.*

Sunday, March 2nd.—We are in *the* Channel, racing over a smooth sea.

Monday, March 3rd.—A lovely, bright day, though cold; and we are running

along at great speed, close to land. The sea is perfectly smooth; the east wind, blowing gently, is sharp and bracing; land is close to us, and the dear old cliffs seem to look down upon us with a kindly welcome. As we run past Dover, we are so close in shore that we can see the people walking on the promenade.

The old home is receiving us with a smile, treating us to her best weather and best appearance; and we look on her white cliffs and green fields (green even at this season of the year) with pride and pleasure, and feel thankful that we are her children.

At 5.30 p.m. we let go our anchor off Gravesend, having kept time to a day.

Never did a pleasure-party have a more successful cruise. We had been favoured throughout with beautiful weather; the little tossing, and discomfort we had

experienced on one or two occasions, making us appreciate all the more the generally calm sea and bright skies of the Mediterranean.

We had had everything to make us comfortable during our voyage; a noble ship, kind and courteous Captain and officers, an excellent and abundant table, and a party (including ladies and gentlemen) every member of which was anxious to please, and willing to be pleased.

After our last dinner, little speeches were made by two of the directors, who had been on board during the cruise, in which they congratulated the party and themselves on the success of the voyage; on the kindly feeling which had prevailed amongst them from the beginning to the end, and which had not only prevented the least approach to discord, but kept all bound together in friendly and familiar intercourse.

Hearty thanks were unanimously given to the Captain for his courtesy and skilful seamanship; and kind wishes for the success of the *Ceylon* having been expressed by Mr. S——, at the request of the passengers, we bade adieu to each other, with the hope that we might meet again.

THE END.

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